The RING

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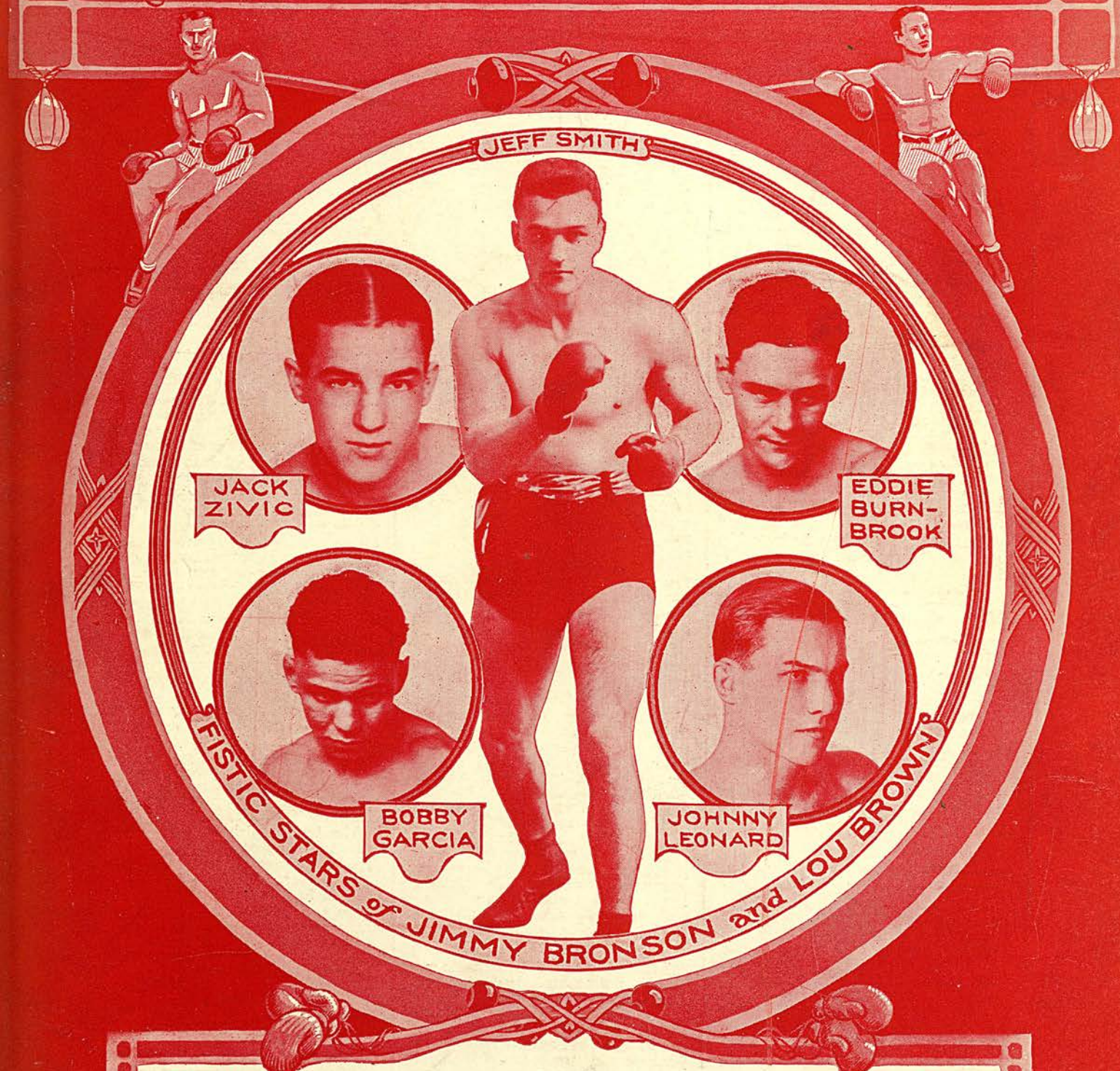

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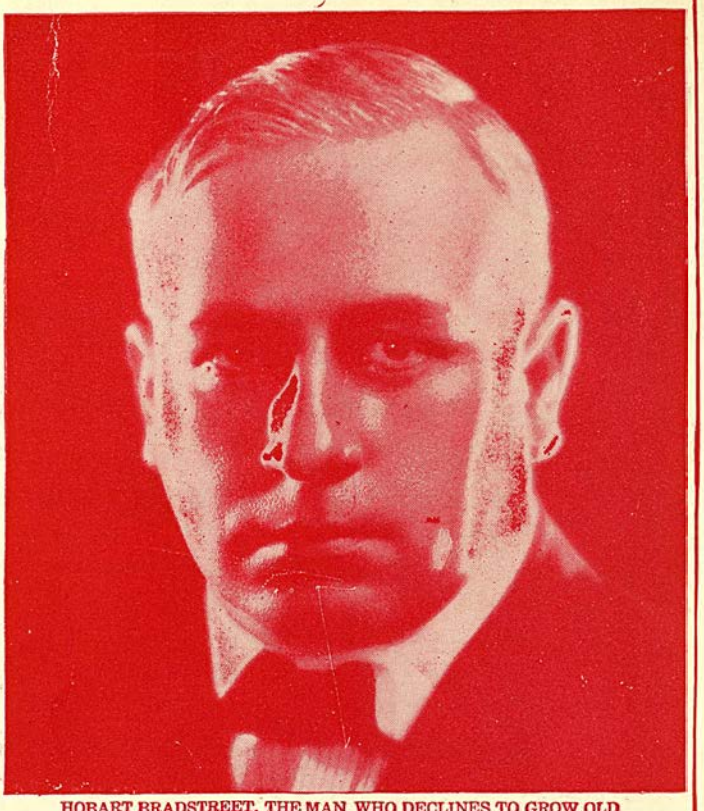
Can You Guess This Man's Age?

See if You Can Tell Within 25 Years; the Author Couldn't; But He Stuck With Hobart Bradstreet Until He Revealed His Method of Staying Young

By WILLIAM R. DURGIN



HOBART BRADSTREET, THE MAN WHO DECLINES TO GROW OLD

I USED to pride myself on guessing people's ages. That was before I met Hobart Bradstreet, whose age I missed by a quarter-century. But before I tell you how old he really is, let me say this:

My meeting-up with Bradstreet I count the luckiest day of my life. For while we often hear how our minds and bodies are about 50% efficient—and at times feel it to be the truth—he knows *why*. Furthermore, he knows how to overcome it—in five minutes—and he showed me *how*.

This man offers no such bromides as setting-up exercises, deep-breathing, or any of those things you know at the outset you'll never do. He uses a principle that is the foundation of all chiropractic, naprapathy, mechano-therapy, and even osteopathy. Only he does not touch a hand to you; it isn't necessary.

The reader will grant Bradstreet's method of staying young worth knowing and using, when told that its originator (whose photograph reproduced here was taken a month ago) is sixty-five years old!

And here is the secret: *he keeps his spine a half-inch longer than it ordinarily would measure.*

Any man or woman who thinks just one-half inch elongation of the spinal column doesn't make a difference should try it! It is easy enough. I'll tell you how. First, though, you may be curious to learn why a full-length spine puts one in an entirely new class physically. The spinal column is a series of tiny bones, between which are pads or cushions of cartilage. Nothing in the ordinary activities of us humans stretches the spine. So it "settles" day by day, until those once soft and resilient pads become thin as a safety-razor blade—and just about as hard. One's spine (the most wonderfully designed shock-absorber known) is then an unyielding column that transmits every shock straight to the base of the brain.

Do you wonder folks have backaches and headaches? That one's nerves pound toward the end of a hard day? Or that a nervous system may periodically goes to pieces? For every nerve in one's body connects with the spine, which is a sort of central switchboard. When the "insulation", or cartilage, wears-down and flattens-out, the nerves are exposed, or even impinged—and there is trouble on the line.

Now, for proof that subluxation of the spine causes most of the ills and ailments which spell "age" in men or women. Flex your spine—"shake it out"—and they will disappear. You'll feel the difference in *ten minutes*. At least, I did. It's no trick to secure complete spinal laxation as Bradstreet does it. But like everything else, one must know how. No amount of violent exercise will do it; not even chopping wood. As for walking, or golfing, your spine settles down a bit firmer with each step.

Mr. Bradstreet has evolved from his 25-year experience with spinal mechanics a simple, boiled-down formula of just five movements. Neither takes more than one minute, so it means but five minutes a day. But those movements! I never experienced such compound exhilaration before. I was a good subject for the test, for I went into it with a dull headache. At the end of the second movement I thought I could actually feel my blood circulating. The third movement in this remarkable SPINE-MOTION series brought an amazing feeling of exhilaration. One motion seemed to open and shut my backbone like a jack-knife.

I asked about constipation. He gave me another motion—a peculiar, writhing and twisting movement—and fifteen minutes later came a complete evacuation!

Hobart Bradstreet frankly gives the full credit for his conspicuous success to these simple secrets of SPINE-MOTION. He has traveled about for years, conditioning those whose means permitted a specialist at their beck and call. I met him at the Roycroft Inn, at East Aurora. Incidentally, the late Elbert Hubbard and he were great pals; he was often the "Fra's" guest in times past. But Bradstreet, young as he looks and feels, thinks he has chased around the country long enough. He has been prevailed upon to put his SPINE-MOTION method in form that makes it now generally available.

I know what these remarkable mechanics of the spine have done for me. I have checked up at least twenty-five other cases. With all sincerity I say nothing in the whole realm of medicine or specialism can quicker re-make, rejuvenate and restore one. I wish you could see Bradstreet himself. He is arrogantly healthy; he doesn't seem to have any nerves. Yet he puffs incessantly at a black cigar that would floor some men, drinks two cups of coffee at every meal, and I don't believe he averages seven hours sleep. It shows what a sound nerve-mechanism will do. He says a man's powers can and should be unabated up to the age of 60, in every sense, and I have had some astonishing testimony on that score.

Would you like to try this remarkable method of "coming back?" Or, if young, and apparently normal in your action and feelings, do you want to see your energies just about doubled? It is easy. No "apparatus" is required. Just Bradstreet's few, simple instructions, made doubly clear by his photographic poses of the five positions. Results come amazingly quick. In less than a week you'll have new health, new appetite, new desire, and new capacities; you'll feel years lifted off mind and body. This miracle-man's method can be tested without risk. If you feel enormously benefited, everything is yours to keep and you have paid for it all the enormous sum of $3.00! Knowing something of the fees this man has been accustomed to receiving, I hope his naming $3.00 to the general public will have full appreciation.

The $3.00, which pays for everything, is not sent in advance, nor do you make any payment or deposit on delivery. Requests will be answered in turn. Try how it feels to have a full-length spine, and you'll henceforth pity men and women whose nerves are in a vise!

HOBART BRADSTREET, Suite 54A4,
630 South Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

I will try your SPINE-MOTION without risk if you will provide necessary instructions. Send everything postpaid, without any charge or obligation, and I will try it five days. If I find SPINE-MOTION highly beneficial I can remit just $3.00 in full payment; otherwise I will return the material and will owe you nothing.

Name .....

Address .....

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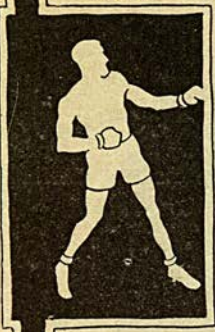

World's Foremost

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Photo © by THE RING

Jim Jeffries' training quarters at Allenhurst, N. J., June, 1899. It was here that Jeffries got in trim for his bout with Bob Fitzsimmons for the heavyweight championship of the world. Left to right: Jack Jeffries, Tommy Ryan, Jim Jeffries and Jim Daly. Billy Delaney is sitting.

Stage, Home and Fistic Poses of Georges Carpentier

1—*Gorgeous Georges's Moving Picture Profile.* 2—*Characteristic Fighting Pose.* 3—*The Smile He Always Carries with Him.* 4—*As an Aviator.* 5—*With His Daughter Jacqueline.* 6—*The Society Beau.* 7—*Showing His Reach.* 8—*Making Love in the Movies.* 9—*Ready for Action.*

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Grace, Boxing Globe Trotter

Unique Character of Ring, Has Fought in Siberia, China, India, France, South Africa, Mexico and South America

By JACK SKELLY

JACK GRACE, pugilistic globe trotter, the man who made six trips around the world and travelled a total of 300,000 miles, again has the wanderlust. This unique character of pugilism, after twenty-five years of wandering during which he visited and boxed in almost every country of the world and saw more ring battles than any other man in the history of boxing, recently settled down to teaching women how to box and reduce weight, but this work is not to Jack's liking and he has informed the world he is seriously thinking of taking just one more trip around the world.

Born in Buffalo in 1867, Grace began his ring career at an early age, and getting the travel mania began hopping about from city to city long before he reached the age of twenty-one. Grace started his ring career in an amateur lightweight tournament in 1888 and came through with flying colors. He made such a good impression that a short time later he was induced to join the ranks of the professionals and made his debut in bouts with skin gloves. Among his early opponents were Willie Clark, Bull McCarthy, Billy Young, Owen Ziegler and Stanton Abbott.

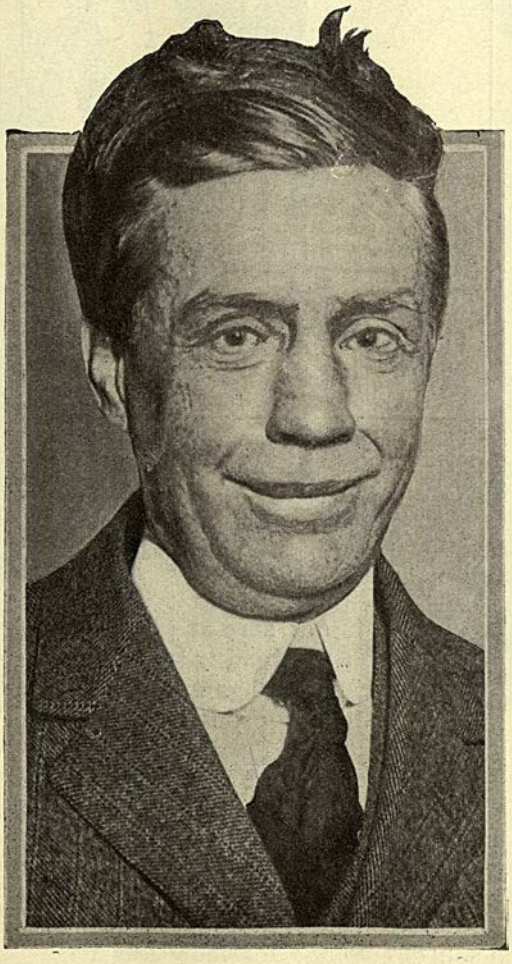
Grace's early career is linked with that of Kid McCoy. For years the two were inseparable, and an account of their adventures, both here and abroad, would fill a book of interesting reading. They became acquainted in Cleveland, Ohio, when Grace, then a veteran of the ring, undertook to put the Kid, then a mere boy, to sleep. It took McCoy seven rounds to defeat Grace, and at the end of the contest Grace was convinced that in the Kid he had found a world beater.

Acting upon the advice of Grace, McCoy accepted several good bouts with the leading middleweights and light heavyweights of the country, and after disposing handily of all was ready to conquer other worlds. Among the men beaten by the Kid were Tommy Ryan, Tommy West and Steve O'Donnell, and, having completed the task, he and Grace set sail for South Africa. This was in 1896, two years after the Kid whipped his newly found pal.

Grace and McCoy were the first Americans to fight in South Africa. That continent was then considered a land of promise, and McCoy, with Grace to help him, proceeded to gather in all the gold and diamonds the miners were willing to part with to see an American boxer in action.

Grace, in telling of the trip, declares that the record books fail to record the bouts the Kid fought in South Africa, with the exception of the one with Billy Doherty at Johannesburg on December 26, 1896, in which the Kid scored a knockout in nine rounds.

In referring to this and other battles Grace remarked to the writer recently: "You talk about your big purses at the present day. Well, I



JACK GRACE

took in the sum of $13,500 for the Kid for only one contest, and I tell you that was some money in those days."

The career of Jack Grace from the time he set sail for South Africa until he landed in California years ago consisted of one long series of jumps from one country to another. Six times has Grace circled the globe, and it is his proud boast that never since he started his globe trotting has he tarried in one country for more than six months.

"I have boxed in Siberia and in Australia, in China and in India, in France and in Spain, in practically every part of this country and in every civilized section of South America. What man in the history of boxing can boast of such a record? I have lived my life as I wanted it and I am now content to take a well-deserved rest," remarked Grace.

Grace introduced boxing in the Argentine Republic and also in Chile With Kid Lavigne he was one of the pioneers who brought boxing into prominence in France. When Grace and Lavigne first went to Paris they found that a boxing glove was quite a curiosity, and fencing and La Savate were quite the craze. As it was about 1903 that both went to France, it will readily be seen that boxing is quite a modern sport in that Republic. When LaVigne and Grace first came to Paris a boxing show failed to draw more than about $1,500, but after a few French boxers were developed the crowds began to come in droves.

While in Siberia, where he boxed the "Russian Lion," Grace discovered Herr Plaacke, a mountain of flesh who created quite a sensation when he arrived in America. He was a fine specimen of avoirdupois, but that was all he possessed. Through a little scheming on the part of Grace Plaacke on his arrival here was hoisted off the steamer, placed upon a freight car and shipped to Philadelphia, where he was informed by Grace he would meet an easy mark. Perhaps it was through coincidence, and then again it might have been through the fine Italian hand of Grace, pal of Kid McCoy, that the easy opponent Grace had selected for Herr Plaacke was none other than the Kid.

When these boxers entered the ring —and it required pushing and shoving to get Plaacke through the ropes— the men presented such a contrast that the house was in an uproar. A circus could not have brought forth more laughter than the sight of the Kid, with his 153 pounds, facing his giant opponent, who looked like a mountain. Herr Plaacke, it will be recalled, lasted less than two rounds, for the Kid buried his glove in the chest of his opponent and Herr Plaacke hit the floor with a thud that shook the ring.

(*Continued on page 9*)

Angels in the Wings

(An Adventure of the Hon. Waffle-Waffle)

Chapter VII

By JAMES K. McGUINNESS

IN another month, old chappie, Higgins goes into training for his fight with the champion johnny, which will jolly well take place a month later. And a week or so after that, we shall both be on our way back to dear old England.

And I shall be bringing with me a surprise for the pater and mater in the form of a wife. Therese and I will not be married until after Higgins has fought the champion chappie, but she will be Mrs. the Hon. Montmorency Montgomery Waffle-Waffle when we arrive with our duffle at the entrance gate to Scrub Acres.

As soon as I finish this letter to you I shall jolly well have to write and inform the pater. I can imagine the old soul as he tries to screw his courage up to the point of informing the mater, but I can't imagine it too long,

"Look here," I said forcefully, "you don't mean to tell me you intend continuing with this silly company, eh, wot?"

or I shall jolly well be weeping out of sympathy for him.

I should put the whole matter off and bally well wait my return to break the news as a sort of delightful surprise, but the mater's heart has not been acting quite so well the last few years and I am a jolly bit afraid that the shock would be fatal.

I am quite convinced that it would be better to break the news gently. Perhaps you had better, if it is not too much, old chappie, drop in on my uncle, Sir Tuppence Waffle-Waffle at his club, and sort of hint that you have heard that I was jolly well done in over some delightful girl I met on a ranch, or somewhere like that in the States. He would be down on the pater with the news in no time. And I shall arrange to have my letter get in about a week after this reaches you.

"You overlooked one thing. You didn't specify my salary. And that goes up just six hundred bucks a week!"

On the whole that seems best; well, rather, old thing.

Therese is not here at present. She has gone on the road with "The Cat's Nightshirt," much against my wishes.

I protested vigorously, but to no avail.

"Look here," said I forcefully, "you don't mean to tell me that you intend continuing with this silly company, eh, wot?"

"I didn't mean to tell you," she admitted, "but now that you insist, I will."

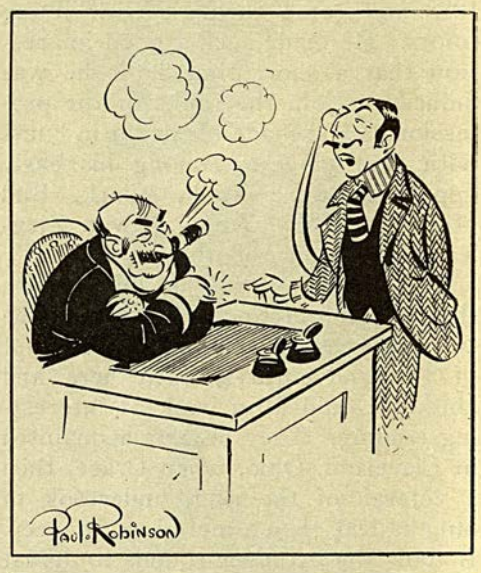
"But you musn't, y'know," I argued. "That sort of thing isn't done."

"When I start in to Scrub Acres," she informed me. "You can start in contributing to my support. I'll even allow you to force a reasonable amount of alimony on me if the occasion for it ever arises. But until then, I'll buy my own cakes and coffee. I've done it so long that it's grown to be a habit, and I'll sort of have to taper off."

Well, there was nothing for it but to agree and accept her decision with as good grace as possible. I have jolly well come to observe that one certain way to make a lady do what you do not want her to do is to tell her that you object; and if you say nothing she wonders if you can really love her and evince so little interest in her doings.

I was determined, however, that Therese was not going on the road in the minor capacity in which she had been previously employed. Of late I have become convinced that the girl possesses an enormous talent, and while I have no desire to see her on the stage, if she insists on being there, it is obvious that she should have the greatest opportunity available.

With this jolly well fixed in



"I would suggest that you give the leading role to Miss Marion."

my mind, I went to call on the theatrical Johnny who owns "The Cat's Nightshirt."

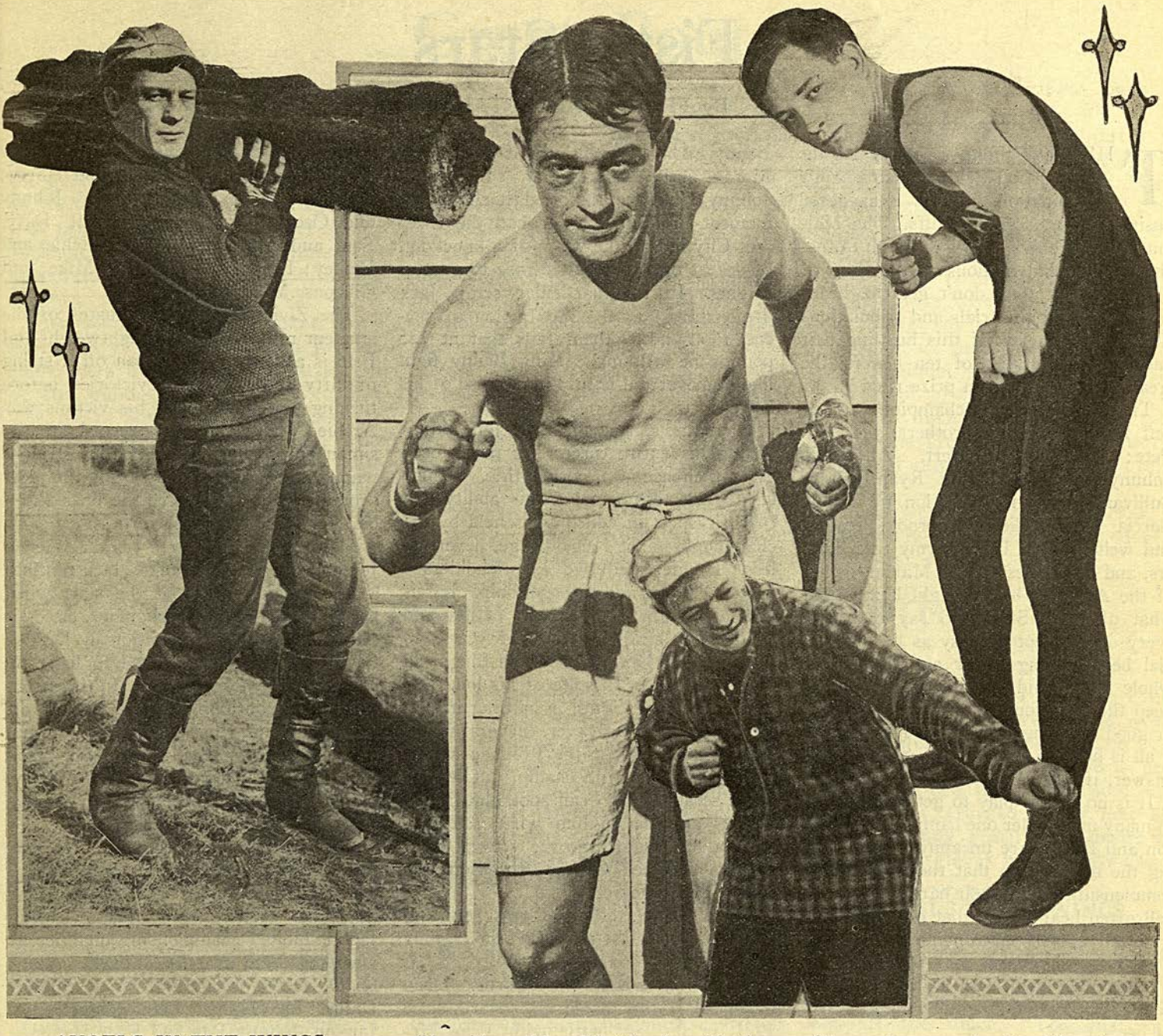
"I'm somewhat interested in Miss Therese Marian," I informed him after we had exchanged the silly greetings customary. "I've been watching her during Higgins' and my tour with your company and I have become convinced that she is an unusual young lady."

The theatrical Johnny, to give the old bounder his due, seemed greatly interested.

"I'm not surprised you should think so, Mr. Wattles," he said. "I'm not

(*Continued on page 7*)

Fistic Hall of Fame — No. VI —Stanley Ketchell



ANGELS IN THE WINGS

(*Continued from page* 6)

surprised at all. A man like you couldn't help noticing it, *nu.*"

"I'm glad you agree with me," I responded.

"With a man of your judgment, Mr. Wattles how could I do otherwise?" he demanded, adding courteously "And, *nu,* tell me what it is I could do for you. Anything you say, goes with me."

This magnanimous offer seemed so rippingly tophole that I was bashed for a moment. It seemed jolly unfair to take advantage of it. But I thought of Therese and that made me firm.

"I would suggest that you give Miss Marian the leading role," I said at last.

"An idea, Mr. Wattles," said the jolly old theatrical chappie. "Positively, an idea. My prima donna don't want to go on the road, on account she don't want her second husband in town alone now his third wife is back from Europe.

"Tell you what I'll do for you, Mr. Wattles," he continued. "I like you. The show now's got ten weeks to run on the road and it's good easy for three thousand clear a week. I'll sell you a quarter interest for six thousand dollars—and I'll give the Marian girl the prima donna role. There's a proposition, I'll tell you."

I accepted at once, and we signed a contract to that effect immediately.

After I had transacted my jolly business, I hastened off to find Therese and informed her of what I had done.

Strangely enough, she did not seem so fearfully enthusiastic.

"Aren't you the little champ at thinking up new stuff?" she demanded. "Going to make me a star now? And I suppose that old pirate just naturally allowed you to buy a piece of the show."

Surprised at her jolly shrewd guess, I admitted that he had.

"For how much?" was her next question.

I told her, and then she insisted on seeing the contract, which, being jolly well second best by this time, I also produced.

"And now we'll see Mr. Wattles," said Therese, and we did. "Come through," she said in that jolly American way of hers. He balked and

(*Continued on page* 9)

Bronson and Brown Guide Congress of Fistic Stars

By FRANCIS ALBERTANTI

THE suave Jimmy Bronson and the shrewd Lou Brown make a happy combination in the managerial business of modern fisticuffs. The Mellons, Rockefellers, Morgans and Rothschilds command millions at the snap of a finger. But they don't get the headaches or suffer the trials and tribulations that fall to the lot of this hustling pair guiding the destinies of ten boxers, the cream of the American prize ring.

True, there are no champions among Jeff Smith, the Zivic brothers, Jack and Pete; Clarence Seufert, Allentown Johnny Leonard, Paddy Ryan, Marty Sullivan, with the exception of Bobby Garcia and Eddie Burnbrook, feather and welterweight U. S. Army title holders, and the gamester Bob Martin, owner of the A. E. F. heavyweight laurels, but what of that. Suffice to say each and every one is kept as busy as the proverbial bee jumping hither and thither the whole length and breadth of the land to keep the Bronson and Brown machinery in good working order. The wonder of it all is how do they do it? Simple, they answer, if you know how.

It is no child's play to get matches for so many men under one banner, but Bronson and Brown are uncanny in distributing the material so that they get results commensurate with their hard work. You will often hear it said that one champion is worth of flock of contenders—try and find them. Leonards and Dempseys are a rarity; they come once in a lifetime, or, better still, fighters like them are as scarce as hen's teeth.

In the space of a little over three years Bronson and Brown have built up a racket, to use a familiar cauliflower expression, which is the envy of managers the world over. Seldom are they to be found in the office in the Gaiety Theatre Building, New York City, rocking in easy chairs, or parading up and down Broadway looking for sympathy. It's a case of putting their noses to the grindstone from 9 A. M. until 6 o'clock in the evening, and then they have their night 'phones open to listen to offers drifting in from every imaginable fight center.

The time is not far distant when the Bronson-Brown combinations will boast a few champions. We have in mind at this writing the possibilities of Jack Zivic, Smith, Leonard and Burnbrook, without hurting the feelings of the others. Zivic strengthened his claim to a titular shot at Benny Leonard recently by trouncing Pal Moran until the stupidity of Referee Johnny Gallagher asserted itself at the moment the Pittsburgher had the Crescent City lad on the verge of a knockout. In defeat on a foul Zivic rose to greater heights. In this particular scrap Jack demonstrated to the satisfaction of several thousand Gotham fans that at 135 pounds he will make King Benny fight like he never did before in defense of his laurels.

It seems a tragedy that Jeff Smith during his entire career has never been given a chance at a world's title. It may be a great testimonial to his ability and to the respect in which he is held by the champions, but it's an outrage, nevertheless. He defeated two ex-titleholders—Mike O'Dowd and George Chip. Jeff is now about thirty-three years of age and has been fighting over fourteen years. In that space he has travelled and fought all over the world. In spite of his long service in the ring Smith is battling in better form to-day than ever. Several weeks ago he knocked out Joe Lohman at Atlanta. Lohman is no champ, but it isn't every scrapper who can spot him fifteen pounds and do to him what Jeff did. Only a few nights ago the veteran campaigner flattened George Robinson, the rough, tough negro.

Smith is the father of two bouncing children and has removed the family from Bayonne to Mount Holly, N. J. His right name is James Jeffords. It is a matter of record that in fifty starts since 1921, or his last battle with Mike McTigue at Madison Square Garden, New York, Jeff triumphed in forty-nine and boxed a draw with Harry Greb. He is one of the marvels of the ring, on an equal par with Greb and Johnny Dundee. He has engaged in almost 600 bouts. He is still eager to get a crack at the middleweight championship. The secret of Smith's remarkable career lies in clean living.

It is doubtful if there is another boxer who has taken as good care of himself as the famous globe trotter. He is always in shape. Over the long stretch of competition he has lost only five decisions and so far as is known never has been knocked out or so much as floored.

Fighting brothers are far from uncommon propositions. Some of the best known families were the McGoverns, Terry, Phil and Hughey; Attels, Abe, Monte and Caesar; twin Sullivans, Jack and Mike; Forbes, Clarence and Harry; Jeffries, Jack and Jim; Gardner, Johnny and Oscar; Cross, Leach, Phil, Dave, Sam and Marty; Mitchels, Richie and Pinkey; Ehrtles, Johnny and Mike, and Gibbons, Mike and Tom.

The Zivic Boys are graduates of the amateur ranks. Jack is a lightweight and Pete is a bantam. Jack ran off a string of fifty-five successive victories before turning pro, and among his victims was Archie Walker. Pete's record in the simon pures showed eighty-four straight triumphs, Frankie Genaro being the most prominent to bow before the little Pittsburgher's speed and cleverness.

Slightly less than three years ago Zivic forsook the amateur ranks. Jack ran into a discouraging break at the start when he dislocated his left shoulder, necessitating a remarkable operation by Dr. W. G. Fralick. He was forced to hang up his gloves for nearly a year. In the meantime Pete, continuing where he left off in the amateur rings, proceeded to whip Abe Goldstein, Midget Smith, Jack Sharkey, Phil O'Dowd, Johnny McCoy, Harry (Battling) Leonard, Roy Moore and other established bantam stars.

With his shoulder pronounced in perfect working order, brother Jack stepped out in earnest in an effort to make up for lost time. After a few minor victories Jack exhibited championship qualities by whipping Pete Hartley, Charlie White, K. O. Jaekle, Shamus O'Brien, Johnny Darcy, Joe Tiplitz, Pete August, Jow Jawson, Johnny Ray and Ever Hammer.

Pete is older than Jack by two years, but is not as rugged as his lightweight brother. Having one victory over Goldstein chalked up on his ledger, Pete naturally is anxious for another crack at Abie, now that he holds the title. Lest we forget, both brothers held the world's amateur titles in their respective classes, starring at the Antwerp Olympiad in 1920.

There is no stopping Allentown Leonard in his climb to the top rung of the junior lightweight ladder. He is a veritable dynamo, the nearest thing to the great fighters of the famous Horton law days. He comes from Northampton, Pa. Little was known of his fistic prowess until he upset the dope several months ago when he held the fast stepping Carl Duane even in twelve rounds. The bat-

(*Continued on page* 26)

Movie Prices Prevailed at Some Great Bouts

TEN cents, less than the price of a hot dog at boxing shows of to-day, was enough to get you to see fistic treats of a rare nature in the generation which has gone before us. That was all it cost as the general price of admission to see Peter Jackson, the great negro Australian fighter in his first appearance in this country.

The man who might have been champion if it had not been for his color, was brought to the attention of the public at the old Cremorne Theatre in San Francisco by the late W. W. Naughton, one of the best known boxing writers of his day. This was a variety house where a special attraction was staged every once in a while in addition to the regular show. You could sit there and have whatever you wanted to drink and smoke and the price was never boosted no matter what the attraction was.

Mike Brannan, a tough slugger, was picked as a trial horse for the negro and arrangements were made for an exhibition in which Peter was to use gloves covered with lampblack while Brannan's were dusted with whitewash powder. This was to show where the blows landed.

Mike was no parlor boxer and once he got into the ring he forgot that they were merely to box for points. He went right out to annihilate the negro. Peter, tall and splendidly muscled, simply straightened up and began to give a superb exhibition of boxing. When it was all over, Brannan was black and bruised from his waist up, while Peter had hardly a mark on any vital spot.

The referee handed the purse to Jackson, but he took it and presented it to Mike, saying, "Keep it, Mike, you are a good game fellow and I have more chance to earn money in the ring than you have."

The Cremorne wasn't the only place in those days where one could see a great show for a dime. You could shift over to the White Wings, The Elk, Comique, Carr's, Brown's, the Bella Union or the Vienna Gardens or if you felt flush, you could take a tour over to the Tivoli where for a quarter you could regale yourself with grand opera.

There were no reserved seats in those times and it was a case of first come, first served.

Jack Grace, The Globe Trotter

(*Continued from page* 5)

Needless to say, Grace pulled the stunt off to perfection, and the next freight steamship that left for Siberia took Herr Plaacke home. He had had enough. But, according to Grace, by the time Plaacke arrived home Grace was conducting a boxing school in Shanghai, China. Before leaving the Flowery Kingdom Grace visited every important city of China and wound up his stay there by engaging in a bout with a Californian, Jimmy Ryan by name.

A few months later Grace was in India boxing against British soldiers. His plan was to issue a challenge to all who desired to meet him, and so long as there was an opponent Grace took them on one by one, each for four rounds, but always made sure there were enough spectators present to make the bouts worth while financially.

It was while in India that Grace first met Bombardier Wells, then an enlisted man, who had not yet entered upon a pugilistic career.

Grace is probably acquainted with more boxers than any man living. He also has seen more boxing bouts than any man in this or any other country. Grace has made a close study of the peculiarities and forms of all the leading boxers, can tell which of the famous boxers of the past fought flat-footed and which on the ball of their feet, which used only one hand effectively and which were equally proficient with both, and which were able to sense blows and avoid them by the mere shifting of the body—in short, he is fully acquainted with the good and bad points of every boxer of note of the past and present day.

His personal experiences and his close study of boxers make him a particularly valuable friend of the sporting writers, who consider him almost as valuable an adjunct to their work when he is available as the published record books. There is many a good boxing tale that has been written through the aid of Grace.

The last appearance of Grace in a ring was about fifteen years ago in the City of Mexico. He tried to induce the Mexican sportsmen to take up the sport, but they ridiculed him by saying that boxing was too tame a sport in comparison with bull fighting, and furthermore they expected a revolution to start in a short time and would have all the fighting they wanted.

Grace took the hint, shook the dust from his feet and made a quick return to the United States. He then trained Battling Nelson for the fight with Joe Gans in which Nelson won the championship and later handled Matty Baldwin.

"There comes a time in every man's life when he must settle down or retire," said Grace recently, "but I suppose I'll never rest until I take at least one more trip. I boxed in every city of any importance in the world except in Jerusalem, and I would have boxed there except that I was prevented by a law from doing so. Now the itch has returned to my feet and I think I may gratify my desire by donning the gloves in the Holy City."

ANGELS IN THE WINGS

(*Continued from page* 7)

threatened, but in the end he acquiesced.

"Now, darling," said Therese, when we left the office. "You just ship every cent you have right over to the Bank of England—what you've got coming on that theatrical contract is plenty for all future expenses—and we'll need the rest for all the little acres, and scrubs, and things."

And, what's more, she jolly well accompanied me to the bank and saw me do it.

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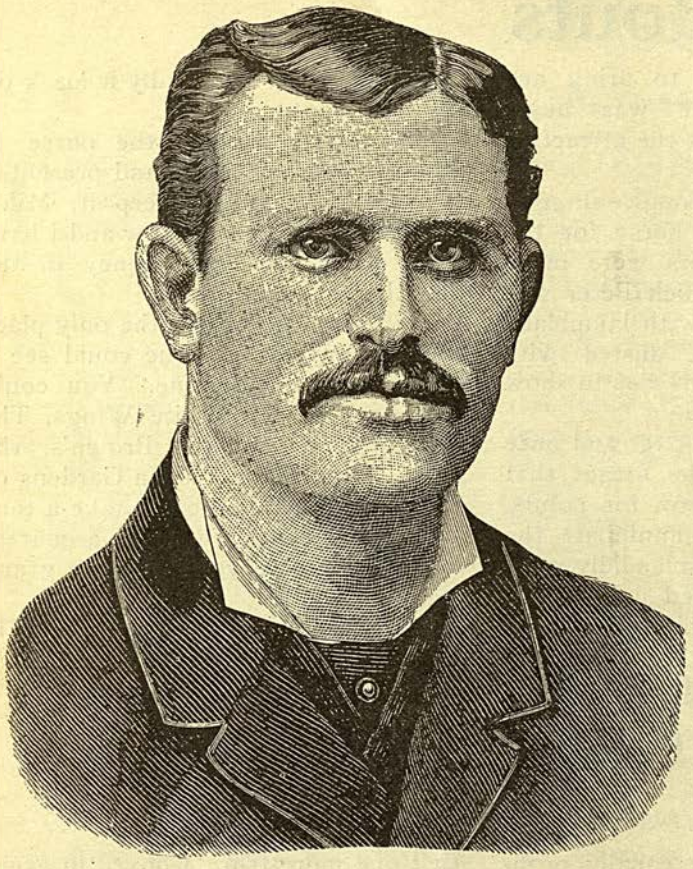
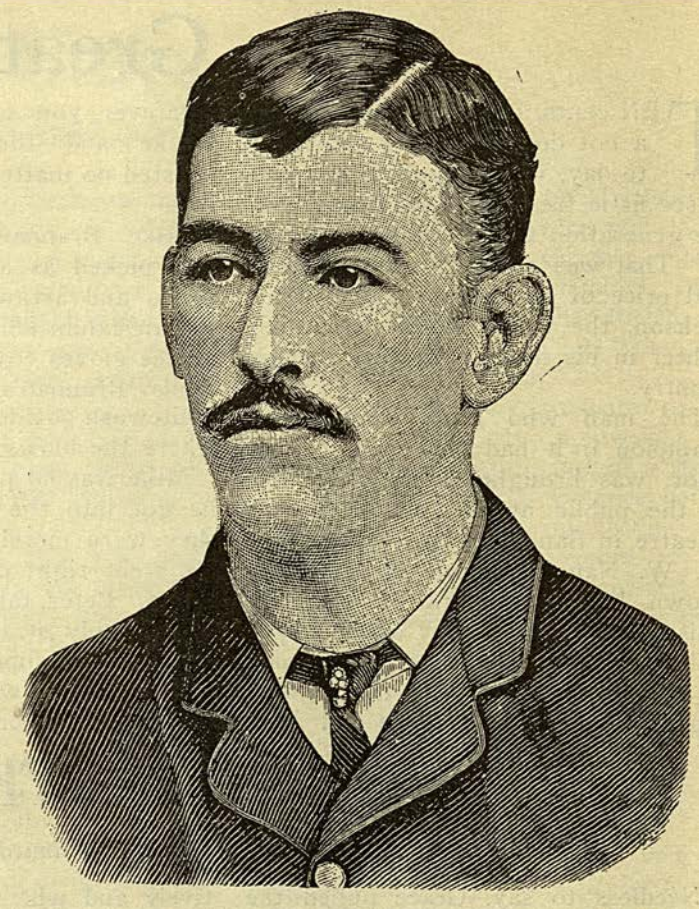
As They Looked When They Fought Their Famous Battle



Paddy Ryan



John L. Sullivan

Reminiscences of a Veteran Sportsman

(Second of a Series.)

By AL SPINK
Dean of American Sports Writers

THE news of the great International battle between John C. Heenan of America and Tom Sayers of England in 1860 was broadcasted as fight news was never broadcasted before.

It sent a thrill into every home in England and America and the fight's ending and the fair settlement which came later, when each of the combatants was given a championship belt and declared as good as the other, brought the two English speaking nations into a closer communion and better understanding.

But at the same time it increased the rivalry between the people of the two countries.

In home, in college and school the wonderful bravery and stamina of the men was talked about and American and English boys often ended their fight discussions with assaults at arms.

In the English and American schools and colleges the fighting spirit and strength of the men of the two nations were now often the subject of fierce and bitter controversy.

Great authors, editors and scholars took up pugilism and wrote of it from all angles.

Victor Hugo in his "Les Miserables" and in his "History of a Crime," described the English boxer who fought with his naked fists as a wonderful being, one who in organized warfare and appearing in battalions would be invincible. This coming from the great French historian made the people of France and those of other lands sit up and take notice.

At about the same time Thomas Hughes, member of the British Parliament and a famous writer, told in prose the story of a fight between Tom Brown and Slogger Williams, a fight that had taken place at Rugby, the most famous school in England, in which these two pupils fought as Sayers and Heenan did with their bare fists. If you will read Hughes's story you will note the liberal vein and his leaning towards boxing. Coming from him this did much to help elevate the game and bring it into fair repute in the British Kingdom where up to this time it had held a very lowly place.

* * *

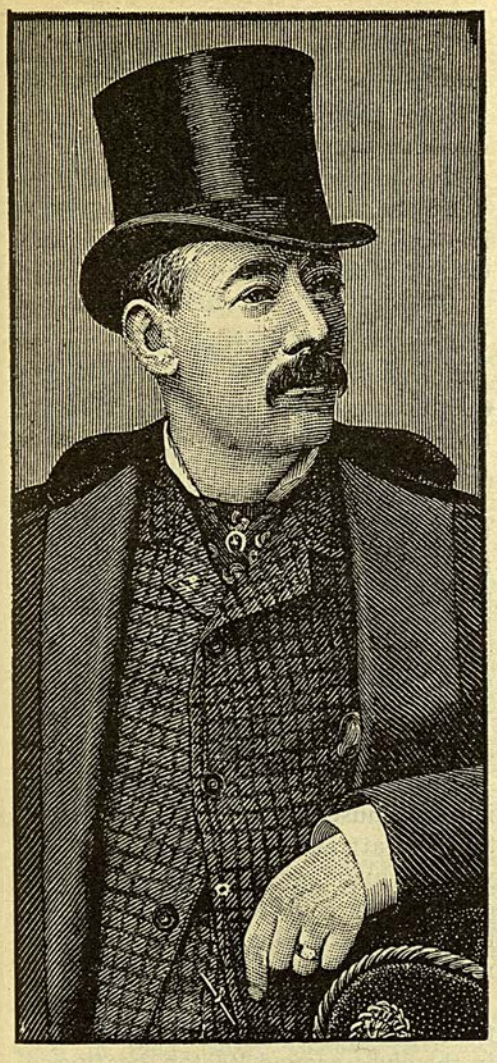
NEARLY every schoolboy has read the story of the fight between Tom Brown and Slogger Williams.

They were students at Rugby when it was the most famous school in England.

The rector at Rugby when Tom and the Slogger fought was Tom Hughes, a famous clergyman of England, who for years afterward represented Rugby in the British parliament.

Slogger Williams was the bully of the school and Tom Brown fought him because he was bullying one of the smaller boys.

After the fight the matter was brought to the rector, the intention being to discipline the boys, and it was then and there that the reverend



Richard K. Fox, Backer of Ryan

gentleman declared himself as to the game of fighting with the fists. To the belligerents after the battle Rector Hughes said:

"Boys will quarrel and when they quarrel will sometimes fight.

"Fighting with the fists is the natural and English way for English boys to settle their quarrels.

"What substitute is there for it or ever was there among any nation under the sun?

"What would you like to see take its place?

"Learn to box, then, as you learn to play cricket or football.

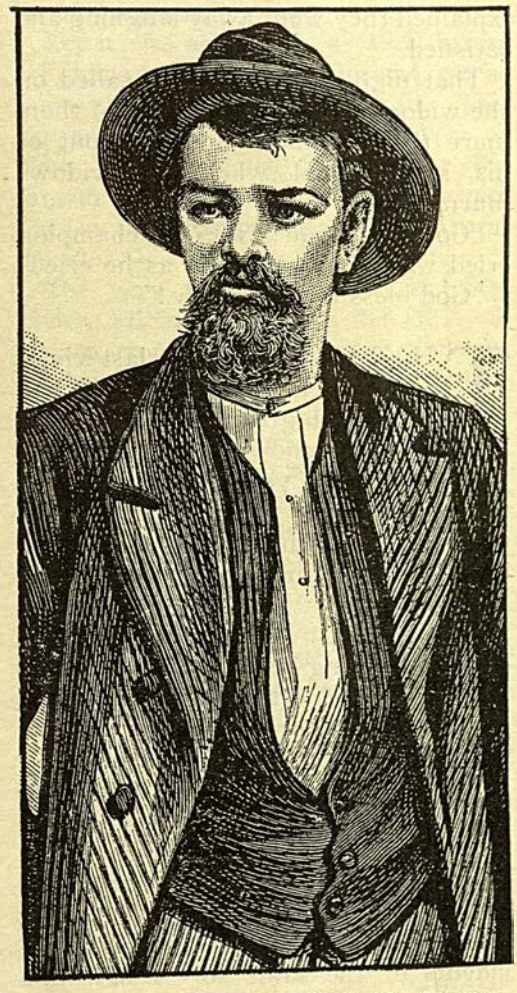
"Not one of you will be the worse, but very much the better, for learning to box. Should you ever have to use it in earnest, there's no exercise in the world so good for the temper and for the muscles of the back and legs.

"As to fighting, keep out of it if you can by all means. When the time comes that you should have to say 'Yes' or 'No' to a challenge to fight say 'No' if you can—only take care to make it clear to yourself why you say 'No.' It's proof of the biggest courage if done from true Christian motives. But don't say it because you fear a licking, or say or think it because you fear God, for that is neither Christian nor honest. And, if you do fight, fight it out, and don't give in while you can stand and see."

* * *

THE romantic meeting of the American and the English champion and the happy subsequent proceedings brought boxing into the curriculum of sport of every great house of learning. He was a frail youth and without much American or English blood in his veins who at this time did not aspire to a crown some day in the kingdom of pugilism.

In this country, even in Boston, where at this far day men of family brought home their pork and beans

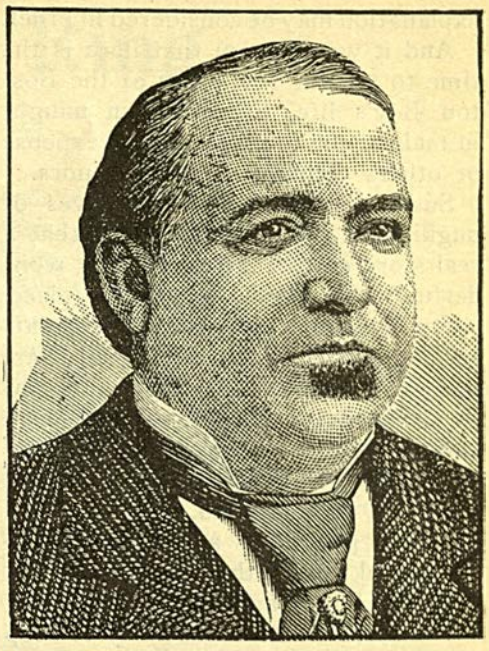


Jesse James, One of the Celebrities Present at the Sullivan-Ryan fight.

on Saturday nights, because on the next day, the glorious Sabbath, they were prohibited from doing anything but sit down to their beans and tea, even there the boxing bee was in evidence.

At old Harvard, within a stone's throw of the main building often the students settled their differences in a hastily provised 24-foot ring. In the Boston public schools it was the same story.

Small wonder then that from one of them came the greatest pugilist of all time, one who in my estimation could have beaten any other pugilist



James J. Keenan, Sullivan's Backer

that ever lived, even before and after his time.

* * *

I REFER of course to John L. Sullivan, born in Boston on October 15, 1858 and referred to when at the crest of his career by John Boyle O'Reilly, the Boston poet, as the apotheosis of the prize ring.

If you were an old fight writer as I am, one who has been going to the battles since 1870 when Jem Mace and Tom Allen fought for the championship of the world at Kennerville, Louisiana, you would often be called on to answer the question:

"Who was the greatest pugilist that ever lived?"

I notice in a recent number of THE RING that one of its writers put that question to Billy Madden just before he died and that he replied:

"Sullivan could have whipped any man that ever lived when he was at the top crest of his fighting power. But he was good only once. That was the day he won the world's championship at Mississippi City from Paddy Ryan."

No one could have answered that question better than Madden did then. And Madden's statement came from one who like myself had seen all the great fights Sullivan fought and who had seen all the great fights since then. It is only men who have had the view and the experience that Madden and I have had that can possibly answer that original question intelligently.

* * *

BUT when we say that the most wonderful pugilist of all time was only the greatest at one period of his strange and eventful career an

explanation may be considered in order.

And it would seem that here is the time to tell the real story of the Boston Boy's life, to set down naught in malice, nor to praise at the expense of others claiming greater honors.

Surely, indeed, in the archives of pugilism it is but fair and just that a real story of the old champion's wonderful career should be given a place.

For Sullivan beside being the greatest pugilist of all was a national character in his day, the leader in the sunlight wherever he went, the first page story always to the sport writers, the companion of kings and noblemen when he went abroad, the esteemed friend of presidents and many of the wonderful men of this country, the pal of great actors and others in professional life, but never too lofty to stop and chat with some old newsboy or run down friend who needed a lift and knew John would give it him.

There was something strange and attractive about John L. outside of the fact of his standing as a pugilist. He was the Admirable Crichton of his day. As a host he was open hearted and generous, a ready wit and as a raconteur he could hold his own with the best.

During his career the Sullivan wit and humor were often quoted as of the finest and best in the land. But it was his big heart and kindness to his old friends that were remembered and most talked about.

I have often said: "God bless old John!"

I said it last one day on the corner of Pine and Sixth Street in St. Louis when Sully from an open hack was selling newspapers.

A few days before John L. had arrived in St. Louis on that trip, three detectives had been killed by highwaymen and now the old Boston boy, a little rusty and gray, but still in the ring, was gathering in the coin for the benefit of the widows and orphans. The latter John was told were in sad straits and needed money.

"Then," said he, "I'll go out and get it."

John grabbed his friend Tom Wand's best hack, called on the newspaper owners and when they had given him a load, the biggest he had ever carried, and that's going some, he went to Sixth and Pine and started up business. In no time a mob gathered and looking at John L. selling newspapers many who did not know him wondered what it was all about.

Soon the old pugilist enlightened them. Roaring with the voice of a mighty sea lion he told of his mission and then and there ordered all hands to come up to the captain's office and settle. And they came like children to a free show.

"Buy one," John would shout, "buy a dozen," and when the money was handed him he dropped it all in a satchel and gave no change.

One man who dropped a quarter in John L.'s mighty hand asked for change, but when the old gladiator in his deep bass voice roared:

"Don't be cheap!" he passed on quickly.

At first when customers handed in quarters, halves, dollars and bills and got no change some of them got very angry, but when John's mission was explained they went away laughing and satisfied.

That night when John L. called on the widows he gave every one of them more than a thousand dollars out of his satchel and when the widows murmured:

"God bless you!" the old champion cried with them and said as he cried:

"God bless us everybody!"

* * *

THAT was one of my last views of the old gladiator. We had now both grown old but we had been close friends for nearly fifty years, the fifty years that were the most wonderful in all the world's progress and with John L. in the limelight through three decades of them.

And this was the end of a friendship of two men whose lives from their earliest meeting had been fraught with wonderful and often thrilling adventure, that brought them nearer, as the years went by and clinched their friendship close together with hoops of steel.

And during all the years we had known each other this view of John's efforts at St. Louis to help the poor and needy was only one of many incidents of the same sort I saw him take part in at various times and places during his strange and eventful career.

"You can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear."

Neither can you make a sow's ear out of a silk purse.

You can apply either of those old sayings if you like to the life of Sullivan.

Painted by many who did not know him as a tough and rowdy, Sullivan was brought up in the public schools of Boston and his first view of sport was when he played ball on the Boston common.

At fourteen John's father apprenticed him to a tinsmith, but he despised the work and often he stole away from the shop to play ball with his boy friends on the Common. For doing this too often he was reprimanded one day by the foreman of the tin shop and then came John's first fight with the foreman going through the shop window head first, a victory that cost John his first and only real job.

* * *

JOHN was fifteen in 1873, when he was playing truant on the Boston Common and that Harry Wright, then considered the king of baseball managers, got a view of him.

Wright had even then a reputation for digging up and developing wonderful players. He had brought several players to the game who were unknown until he discovered them and who later became famous. This boy Sullivan at fifteen looked as good to Wright at this particular time as any of his earlier and famous discoveries.

The wonderful clean cut, quick moving and muscular figure of this young Sullivan attracted the attention of the veteran manager and at first view he offered him a salary of $1,500 a year to play on the Boston Reds, a lot of money in that far day.

Sully laughed at Wright's proposition. He had been boxing on the quiet in the clubs around Boston, beating all who faced him and then he liked boxing better than he did baseball.

Seven years from that time Sullivan was heavyweight champion of the world.

They were the best seven years too of John's life. In that time he had seldom been out of Boston, but the going had been hard and he had led a clean and temperate life and given nearly all the money he had earned to his good old mother, who up to this time had kept her boy on the straight and narrow path, far from the road traveled too often by your young and ambitious pugilist.

* * *

IT was on February 7, 1882, that I got my first view of the wonderful Boston boy. Twelve years before I had traveled south to see Mace and Allen battle with the bare fists and now I was far south again, this time to see John L. Sullivan try to take the world's championship from Paddy Ryan, who had won it from Joe Goss.

Two years before I had seen Goss whip Tom Allen who had whipped Mike McCoole and I thought him great until I saw Ryan whip Goss and then I looked on the Trojan as something of a world beater.

(Continued on page 26)

The Filipino in the Ring

By "DOC" DOUGHERTY
Coaching Staff, U. S. Naval Academy

WITH Pancho Villa from far-off Manila having attained the greatest honor pugilism can bestow by winning a world's championship, something new in the kaleidoscopic, ever-shifting, fistic game attracts the public to the box offices.

Villa brings a new type of showmanship, of ringmanship, of fighting style.

It seems only yesterday to the old timers that Dewey sent the Spanish armada into oblivion. It seems only yesterday that the old timers following the Spanish war days, staged their inter-service bouts in Manila and at the Army and Navy posts. The Filipinos, with cock fighting their national pastime, would not even go near these earlier fistic combats. They had absolutely no use for the game made famous by the Marquis of Queensberry.

Then they took up baseball. Soon Filipino teams, wearing baseball caps and shirts, AND NO PANTS, were giving the sailor and soldier teams a run for the money. But it is only in the last five or six years that the little brown cousins, even in their native islands, have attracted attention in the ring game.

To the credit of the soldier and sailor fighters of those earlier days we must say that THEY TAUGHT THE FILIPINOS HOW TO FIGHT, HOW TO BE GAME!

Men like Billy Walters, a sailorman afterwards so good that Ed Smith, dean of Chicago sport writers, picked him as a world's champion, showed the Filipinos how it was done.

Even the younger generation of brown boys still talk about the battle staged between Heinie Miller and Jimmy Dwyer for the Far Eastern lightweight title. That was to be a forty-five rounder with four ounce gloves. Miller took the count thirteen times in five rounds and won on a clean knockout in round thirteen, emerging from the ring with a broken nose, two badly cut eyes, a shortage of teeth, a broken rib and a broken hand. Also a dislocated knee cap. The Filipinos began to sit up and take notice. The Americano's game must be SOMETHING if they would go through such contests for what, in those days, meant a lot of glory and a small purse. Heinie is now editor of "Our Navy."

Soon the Filipinos were doing battle with the white boys. But the brown lads did not do so good. They were too small. The white boys beat them.

Then came the interest in the FLYWEIGHT class of pugilism and the Filipino had come into his own. White boys at 112 pounds are more or less freaks of our polyglot race, physically speaking, while the Filipino is a husky, well built, strong man, pound for pound at 112. In the smaller classes the Filipino made good.

In the Navy the Filipino probably had more chance to pick up boxing than in any other organization, for the Navy's messman branch is almost entirely made up of Filipinos.

Yet it was as recently as 1920 before a Filipino boxer, Manuel Soriano, got as far as the finals for the Fleet title. This happened when Harry Gordon, now of New York, defeated Soriano for the bantam Fleet belt in Madison Square Garden in December of the year mentioned.

The very next year, however, Jose Javier, Filpino flash from the U. S. S. Dakota, won the flyweight championships of the Atlantic and Pacific Fleets combined.

And now comes the tiniest of them all, Young Dencio, of the U. S. S. Mayflower. This lad weighs but an even hundred pounds. At times he is as low as 98. Yet this fellow boxes boys weighing as heavy as 116 and gets away with it. Unlike most Filipino fighters, including Villa, Dencio does not SWING HIS PUNCHES. He hits terrific wallops STRAIGHT and drops his man clean.

Among the good ones who Dencio, a mite of a man, has boxed, are such as Benny Schwartz, Joe Colletti, Bobby Burke, Midget Carbon and others. Out in the Philippines Dencio whipped Pete Sarmiento, Flores and others. He took the Navy's flyweight belt from Jose Javier with little trouble.

There are many tribes or "nations" in the Philippines ranging all the way from the Mohammedan Moro with his red fez to the tiny negrito, a vest pocket edition of the African negro.

Villa is a Visayan, a mountain man. But practically all of the other Filipino fighters, including Dencio, now before the public are Tagalog, the "nation" that figures most prominently in city and political affairs out Manila way.

The original Dencio Cabanela, after whom Young Dencio is named, was the pioneer of Filipino mitmen. Giving Eugene Criqui all he could handle in a bout in Australia, Dencio Cabanela keeled over dead in midring.

The younger Dencio was a chum and boon companion of Dencio Cabanela in their home town of Olongapo, P. 1. Here is the Navy's great floating dry dock, the "Dewey." And from the sailormen who came into dry dock on Uncle Sam's warships Young Dencio learned his first pugilistic lessons. Then he joined the Navy and at present is the Navy's bid for world's championship honors. The sea service wants to see Dencio take on a few more pounds and then go in for the world's title with the backing and boosting of every man that wears the loyal blue of the U. S. Navy.

At present Dencio is on the U. S. S. Mayflower, President Coolidge's yacht. He has all the showmanship of a Villa, plus the million dollar smile that has made Villa famous. Dencio has been an instantaneous hit wherever he has shown. In South America he easily whipped Pedro Troncoso for the title at a time when Troncoso was, to the little fellows down there, what Firpo is to the big ones.

The one drawback to Filipino flyweights seems to be that their hands are too small to stand the shock of the hitting powers stored up in their compact little bodies. They all seem to have "hand trouble" after a hard bout.

All who have seen Dencio in action rate him as a championship possibility. Gene Kessler, former fight promoter from Indiana and now sports writer on the Washington *Daily News,* said in print recently after seeing Dencio knock out a 116-pounder:

"With a little more seasoning Dencio will not be another Villa. He will be a Dencio, greater than Villa."

Upon his recent appearance in Madison Square Garden at the Fleet boxing finals, New York's best sports writers spoke highly of Dencio's chances for the title.

In March the entire U. S. battleship fleet, East and West alike, was anchored in the North River. There were thousands of men on these ships who are willing to bet their regulation socks that Dencio, at 112 ringside, can take the measure of Villa. The Filipno sailor will have the backing of every jolly jar if ever he meets Villa!

Dencio can fight! He's the greatest battler from the Navy since Tom Sharkey or Johnny Buff.

THE RING is YOUR magazine. It is published for the betterment of boxing, the greatest of all sports.

Just An Earful

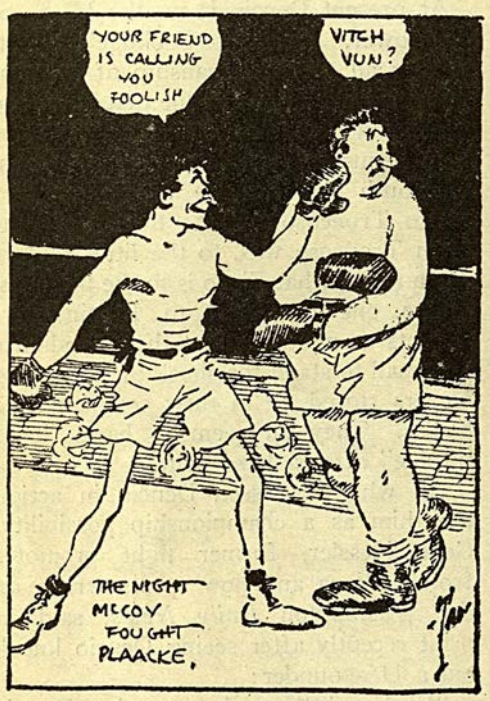
By TAD

World Famous Cartoonist and Sports Writer Whose Work Appears in New York Evening Journal

SOMEONE said some years ago that one way to get along in the world was to keep your ears open and your mouth shut.

Ever hear of Heer Plaacke, the Holland champion?

Oh, yes, he met Kid McCoy in Philly about twelve years ago. There was an awful hullabaloo over the big cheese, and the affair drew quite a crowd. This guy Plaacke, you know, weighed almost as much as a dreadnaught, and was the Woolworth Building of the White Hopes for size.



He had McCoy worried by the stories of his fights, but the Kid said nothing, but sawed wood, and on the night of the fight, McCoy sawed more. He looked at the big boob in the other corner and figured out how to lick him.

They fought the first round, and although the Kid did belt the gigantic gorgonzola hard and often, he failed to drop Plaacke and tired quite some from his efforts.

Plaacke, who looked like nothing human, put up his dukes and faced the Kid. McCoy suddenly dropped his hands, and pointing to Plaacke's corner, said:

"Say, that second of yours wants to speak to you."

The big boob turned, and as he did so McCoy unbuttoned a right that started from the floor and ended against the Dutchman's chin.

Half an hour later when he woke up in the dressing room, Plaacke asked:

"Say, vot did dot feller vant me for?"

* * * * * *

Jimmy Britt and the Dark Horse

JAMES EDWARD BRITT, the Beau Brummel of the ring, wasn't always a peaceful citizen.

When James was young he was a wildcat in the ring, and was never once beaten. He tore through the amateur championships in the Olympic Club of 'Frisco the way a torpedo would scatter a big cheese.

In the last tourney that James entered, there was a large German boy by the name of Fred Bell. This hick was the "dark horse" of the lightweight class, and drew Britt for his opponent on the first night.

James was told of the "dark horse" and prepared to give him the time of his young life.

When the bell rang for the first round of that quarrel, Britt and Bell tore into each other like wolves.

It was nip and tuck, take your pick, and the crowd went wild with excitement. The bell clanged with honors even.

In the second Britt had an edge. He proceeded to belt the Teuton rival within an inch of his life. James dropped his man with a belt in the lunch wagon, and as the latter arose, followed him around the ring working both hands like flails.

Bell suddenly stopped, and going to his corner, walked right out of the ring. One of his seconds stopped him and inquired if he wasn't going to fight any more.

"Yes," growled Bell, "I'm going to fight some more, BUT NOT ANY MORE TONIGHT!"

THE BROADCASTED BATTLE

By H. C. Van Buskirk

I WORKED and tuned my radio,
To hear the detailed fight,
The nearest station, XYZ,
Was broadcasting that night.

The bedtime stories all were told,
And seweral tunes were played,
Preliminary scraps were fought,
Announcements then were made.

The main event was under way,
I listened with delight,
The challenger was slugging now,
He packed a nasty right.

The Champ went sailing through the ropes,
But clambered back once more,
And, pounding with a wicked left,
His foe slammed to the floor.

The next round went a faster gait,
And then one man went down,
The referee was counting slow,
Some guy had won the crown.
The radio announcer told,
The winner of this bout,
The night was hot, I could not hear,
For STATIC cut me out.

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Most Thrilling Fight I Ever Saw

By A. D. PHILLIPS

TO a man like myself who has followed the game of boxing for more years than I will admit even to my best friends, it often seems strange that some of the little known, or, rather, little advertised fights of a few decades ago, are not referred to when fans get to talking over old times. Most of us who have been following boxing and prize fighting, as it was in its most literal sense in the time agone, can recall the big moments of the ring, the championship fights and the near championship battles that were waged when my hair was blacker than it is today. But even the old timers cannot always bring to mind some of the more or less unimportant but, by all odds, the hardest battles of those far away days.

I often think of such contests and when I do I picture any number of ring meetings that make present day affairs seem mild and sedate. The Dempsey-Firpo battle at the Polo Grounds last year had that dramatic element that will never be forgotten by those who watched it.

And yet I can turn back the pages of my mind and very briefly give you an account of a fight that was a drama in every sense of the word. You may never have heard of this battle, and yet even occasional students of the game must have run across accounts of it, or heard it told by ringsiders or historians.

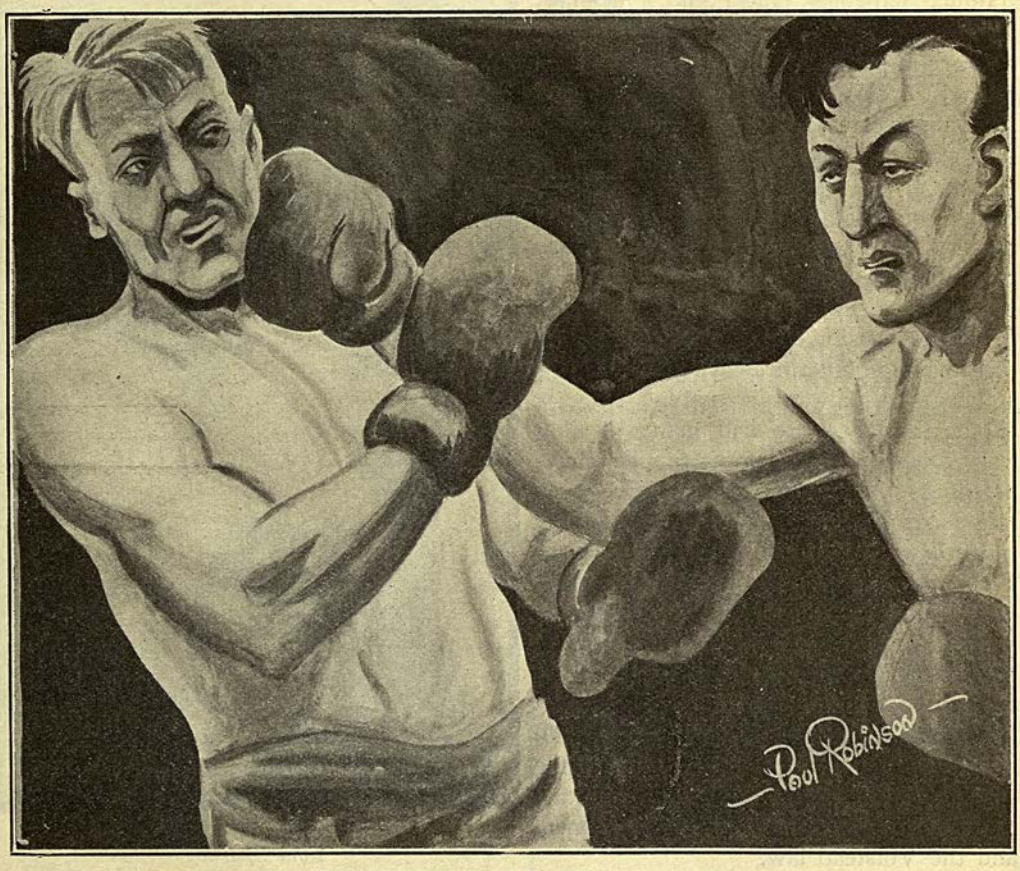
I'll take you back a few years, thirty-three years, to be exact, and put you down in the Pacific Athletic Club in San Francisco, where I was visiting.

Our characters for this drama, or rather our chief actors in the epic, are Joe Choynski, who came as near being heavyweight champion as any man I know of who missed, and Billy Woods. You probably will have trouble in placing Woods. No matter, he could fight and fight hard, as our tale will show.

There were thirty-four rounds of fighting in this battle and it would be of no use to recount each period, for, in so long a fight, many and many were like the others.

It was this sort of a battle—Joe, the lighter man, forced the issue from the start. Stark confidence in his ability to end the affair quickly led him to set an amazing pace. In the first four or five rounds he had dropped his man and had chased him around the ring in a route. But he could not land a solid and telling blow. Besides, Woods was a man who could take a tremendous beating.

Woods, too, was confident. He regarded his size as an obstacle that would trip up Choynski. Thus they fought on and on, round after round, for ten, fifteen, twenty rounds. The pace told on Woods but it also told on Choynski. The big audience of fans—there must have been 5,000 present, most of them favoring Joe—wondered if the San Francisco boy would be able to put his opponent away.



They went at each other at an amazing pace.

Joe wondered that himself. The twentieth round found him little closer to his goal than in the first, perhaps not so close for the fighting was hard for Joe as well as for Woods.

There had been, up to that time, drama enough. There were slow periods, of course, but there came flashes when Woods retaliated, as in the second, when Woods, being crowded and raced across the ring, slipped and seemed on the verge of being knocked out. But, on arising, he came into the fight with a terrific rush, brushing back his lighter opponent, showering out vain blows, but crushing Joe to the ropes and forcing Joe to fight a defensive battle that, had he not been so skillful, would have found him ground under this maddened foeman. That rush saved Woods then.

Other rushes, other sudden rallies saved him later and though he was being outpointed, he was not being annihilated as so many thought and perhaps a few fans wished he would be.

Joe was a thinker. After that twentieth round he devised a plan. He fought at a harder pace than ever and basically his plan was never to allow Woods one second of rest or peace.

Relentlessly he followed this plan. It developed into a drama that, to my may of thinking, has seldom been equalled in the ring. It was pitiless and slow death for his rival that Joe devised as the winning card.

I shall never forget those last rounds. Woods fought back, as Choynski planned he should, but fought back

(*Continued on page* 17.)

They Almost Made It—Tom Sharkey

No. V.

By VERNON VAN NESS

TOM SHARKEY was about the nearest of near champions the heavyweight division ever produced. It is quite likely that had the doughty sailor climbed to the pinnacle of the heavyweight ranks he would have been one of the most popular title bearers in the history of the sport.

The sailor lacked nothing to make him a great fighter and great he was though he never felt the crown rest upon his black-thatched brow. He had courage, stamina, punching power and a wonderful personality. To this day Sharkey is a figure in public life, though he has been retired for close to twenty years.

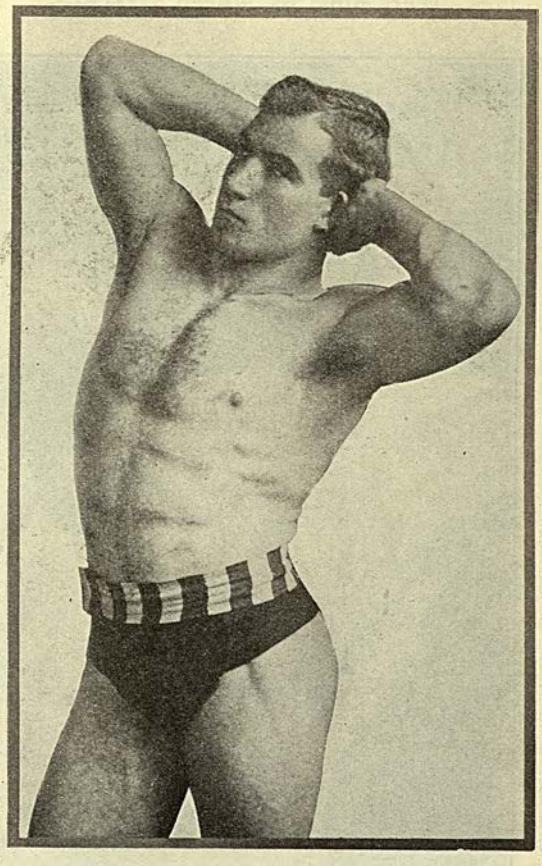
Tom's greatest bid for the heavyweight title was in his bout with Jim Jeffries at Coney Island on November 3, 1899. Many who sat at the ringside at that memorable scrap maintain to this day that Sharkey was the winner. However that may be, the fact is that Jeffries was given the decision and that defeat marked the turning point in Sharkey's career.

There was always something singular about Sharkey. He had many peculiar ways, among them being his reputed close-fistedness. Countless stories have been told about Tom and his desire to extricate the full worth from a dollar just as Luis Firpo does now. Not all of these tales were true, however, but they were good stories, just the same. After Tom had passed the pinnacle of his ring career he capitalized his fame in the business that was then, it seems, the one to which all boxers turned when they threw aside the boxing gloves—that institution now cast asunder by the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead law.

Some measure of the ability of Sharkey may be gathered from a partial perusal of his enviable record. He fought Jim Jeffries twice, twice fought Bob Fitzsimmons, met Jim Corbett twice and boxed the great John L. Sullivan. In these battles he achieved practically nothing but fame—and a good-sized fortune, but he demonstrated his wonderful fighting spirit and ability.

He may be said to have emerged from the embryonic stage in the fourth battle of his career, when he knocked out Joe Choynski in eight rounds at San Francisco on April 16, 1896. Joe had a string of knockouts a mile long to his credit and had a draw with Fitzsimmons also on his list. He had been fighting twelve years and was considered one of the great fighters in this country. When the little known tar put him to sleep the country quite naturally inquired about Sharkey

Two months later he held the world's heavyweight champion, Corbett, to a draw in four rounds in Frisco and then, beyond Corbett, Sharkey was on the road to the top. It is very doubtful if any boxer in those days hoed a harder row than Thomas. He met a few easy ones, but



Tom Sharkey

mostly he had tough battles and in time they told on him.

You may gain some perspective of Sharkey by gazing back at one or two of his notable scraps prior to the historic clash with Jeffries—the second time he fought Jeff. After he had disposed of Choynski, Sharkey fought Jim Williams and knocked him out in three rounds. Twenty-six days later he held Corbett to a draw in four rounds and two months later he boxed three rounds with John L. Sullivan. No decision was given in this bout.

Sharkey was a great hero on the West Coast. Bob Fitzsimmons was blooming along like a house afire. The coast fans demanded a match between the pair and it was arranged for December 2, 1896, at Frisco. Fight fans the country over were deeply interested in this bout. The betting was pretty heavy, with Fitz ruling the favorite. Ugly rumors preceded the fight during the last day or so before the date set for the clash.

On the very day of the scrap Fitz heard that he was to be robbed of the decision. It looked for a time as if the bout would be called off, but finally a famous western "two gunman" of the period, Wyatt Earp, was selected as the referee and it generally was assumed that this man, reputed to be fearless in his decisions, would render a just verdict.

Fitz and Sharkey mixed things at a hard pace for the first six rounds, slugging away for dear life and up to this stage of the battle neither fighter had much of an advantage. But Fitz, far superior as a boxer and more cunning than Thomas, began setting a still hotter pace, becoming the aggressor and forcing the fighting. These were tactics calculated to wear Sharkey down and eventually they did tell.

In the seventh Fitz shot in his hardest blows, playing for the body incessantly, trying every time he landed to deliver the knockout blow, for he realized, he declared afterwards, that he could win only if he knocked Sharkey out. Sharkey was badly punished in this session and several times was staggered. But with his wonderful courage and almost inhuman stamina, he withstood the attack, though he was groggy when he went to his corner.

The eighth round found Sharkey strong again. It found Fitz more determined than ever to put Sharkey away. Tom rushed from his corner and made several leads for Fitz's stomach, tearing in like a wild bull.

The pair clinched. Fitz shot in two terrific uppercuts that landed on Tom's chin. Tom was staggered. Fitz rushed in, pounding for the body and shooting for the solar plexus. Then he ripped up another uppercut that crashed Sharkey to the floor in a heap. Earp began counting the doleful ten. Fitz walked to his corner, the ghost of a smile on his lips.

With dramatic suddenness Earp straightened up and held up one hand and declared that Sharkey was the winner, declaring that Fitz had hit Sharkey in the groin. It was a tense moment. How a riot and general gun play was avoided is a mystery, or an act of God, it is hard to say which. In any event the crowd

showed its displeasure but refrained from violence.

On the following day Earp issued a statement and in it said that several times during the course of the fight Fitz had hit Sharkey low but that he, Earp, had refrained from calling a foul because of the talk that had preceded the fight to the effect that Fitz was to be jobbed. But the final blow to the groin, he said, was so palpable that it could not be overlooked.

That was one epoch in Sharkey's brilliant ring career. He met Fitz again, on August 24, 1900, and Fitz knocked the Sailor out in two rounds. After that first scrap with Fitz Sharkey fought here and in Ireland and then met Jim Jeffries. The date was May 6, 1898, and the scene of the battle, San Francisco.

Fitz now was the heavyweight champion. Jeffries on the boom. That meeting of Jeffries and Sharkey was a battle that lives in the memory of fans who sat at the ringside. Sharkey was terribly punished, gave much punishment on his own account, and was standing squarely on his feet at the end of the twenty rounds. The verdict went to Jeffries but the fans present did not unanimously support this decision.

But in defeat Sharkey loomed larger than ever and he traveled to the East. He knocked out Gus Ruhlin in one round at Coney Island on June 29, 1898, and then was matched with Corbett, who had been dethroned by Fitzsimmons.

Then came the second meeting of Corbett and Sharkey, which resulted in a fiasco that caused a big stir in fistic circles. Corbett had never admired Sharkey's ability and considered him an easy mark for a real boxer. Corbett thought he could cut Tom to pieces and then drop him at will. Believing thus, he did not train for the bout, which was staged in New York City on November 22, 1898.

Corbett, untrained, soon began showing signs of wear. He realized all too late that his foemen was really a worthy antagonist and where his own science failed him, the ring craft of his second saved Corbett, for in the ninth round, with defeat staring Corbett in the face, the inevitable but a few blows away, one of Corbett's seconds jumped into the ring, pulling an ancient ruse that had saved, and has since saved, many a beaten fighter. Naturally, the referee had but one course to follow. He immediately disqualified Corbett and Corbett was saved from an almost certain knockout.

In 1899 Sharkey knocked out Kid McCoy in ten rounds, the bout being staged in New York City on January 10.

He knocked out Jack McCormick in two rounds in Philadelphia on Jan. 30 and then, for the remainder of the year up to November 3, when he met Jeffries he rested while arrangements for the bout with Jeff were pending.

As we have stated, that second fight with Jeffries marked the turn in Sharkey's career, the turn that led down the grade.

A recounting of that historic mill at Coney Island would require, to do it justice, more space than this article can have, so we summarize, briefly:

Jeffries now was the champion, for he had already defeated Fitzsimmons at Coney Island on June 9, 1899, knocking Fitz out in eleven rounds. Sharkey, of course, saw his chance to become champion, and fought as he never had before in his career. Sharkey had that idea that though he might be whipped by a dozen others, he still was Jeffries' master. And so he fought just that kind of a battle. He stood toe to toe with Jeffries and slugged. He kept in close, hoping to land his own terrific blows at close quarters. And he landed many. But he fought right into Jeffries' hands and Jeff inflicted terrible punishment.

Jeffries had stamina as great as Tom's. He hit faster and just as hard as Sharkey. Quite early in the fight Jeffries broke three of Sharkey's ribs. Sharkey, with super courage, kept his hurt to himself, fearing to let Jeffries know of the damage done lest the big boilermaker would shoot all of his blows at that spot. He weakened, however, and more and more Jeffries punished him and gradually Sharkey's retaliating blows had less effect. Yet, to the very end, to the final gong in the twenty-fifth round, Sharkey stood toe to toe with Jeffries and gave a blow for every one he received.

Jeffries won the decision, which was not altogether popular with the crowd. Many thought he had won. Still others thought he had earned a draw. Sharkey fought thirteen battles after that one. He was knocked out by Fitzsimmons in two rounds, twice lost to Gus Ruhlin, yet knocked out seven opponents within those thirteen battles, finally ending his career in Philadelphia on February 27, 1904, when he easily was beaten by Jack Monroe, who had risen to fame through his fights with Jim Jeffries.

Most Thrilling Fight I Ever Saw

(*Continued from page* 15)

at an opponent who came pounding in, jabbed, cut, hooked, and slipped away. The floundering Woods, game and persistent, kept it up.

At the thirtieth round Choynski was nearly done for. Woods was near exhaustion. The crowd groaned. Woods, for his gameness, had won the hearts of hundreds who had cheered against him previously.

Thirty-first round, thirty-second round, thirty-third round and then the thirty-fourth.

The crowd was in a state bordering on nervous collapse from the delayed suspense. Yet none could see the ending so near as the thirty-fourth round opened.

Choynski's plan had demanded one thing—the chance to corner Woods where he could not run around the ring, as he had done continuously. Time after time Joe had thought this chance was his but each time Woods eluded him and got into the open, to run and parry, to crouch and clinch.

But this time he was cornered. Woods tried to clinch. Joe sidestepped and crushed in a terrific left to the jaw. Woods crashed to the floor.

He struggled against the enveloping darkness that his numbed brain was slipping into and came to his feet at the count of nine. Right and left, crash! Joe had landed two smashing blows. Woods went down.

His brain was not yet completely blank and he tried to get up. He tried with his right hand down and his left knee up and then with his left hand down and his right knee up but neither leg, neither arm would respond and he fell over on his face, out.

Drama? A great fight? I should say so!

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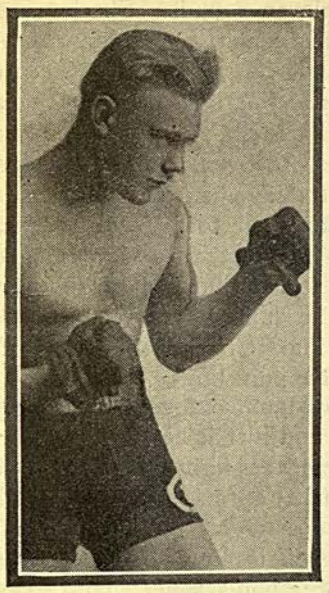
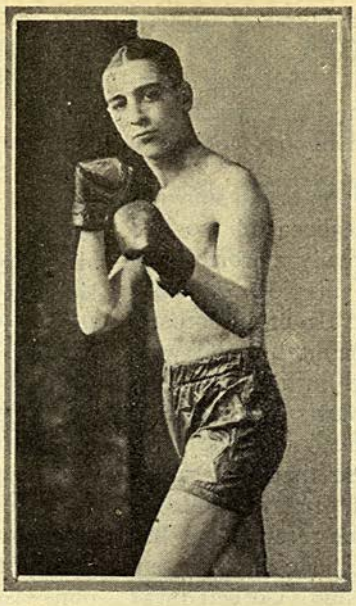


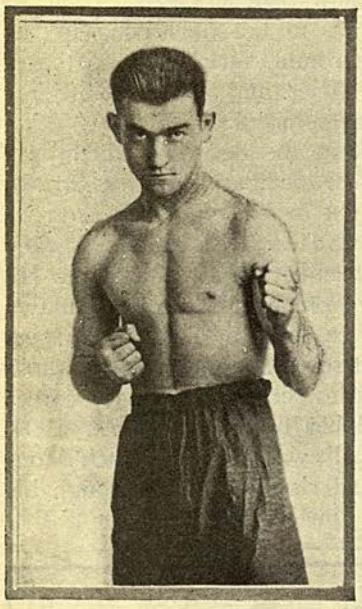
Frank Craven, Jersey City light-heavyweight, who is meeting with great success in the local armories under the name of Jack De Mave.



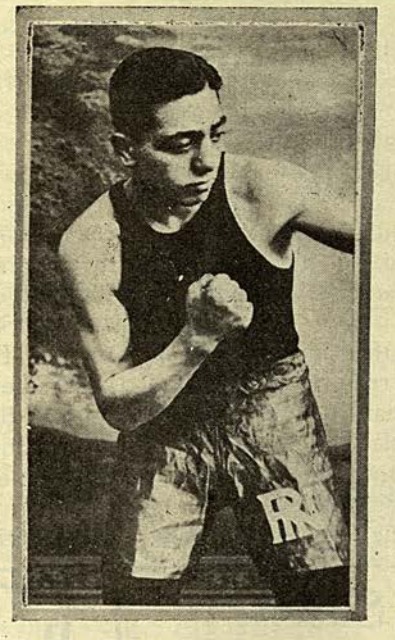
Sammy Shack, the promising New York flyweight. He has rolled up a good record

Harry Gaba, 140-pounder, formerly of Chicago, but now making Gotham his home

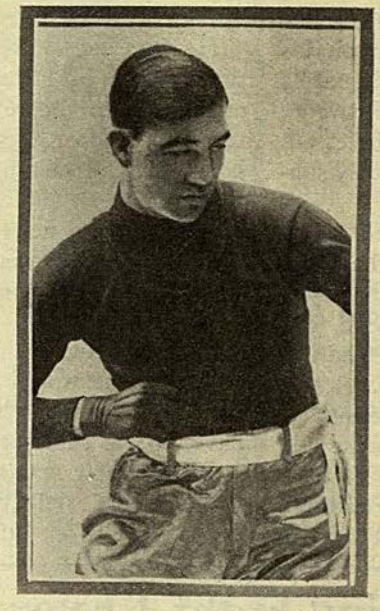
Al Fugaro, Filipino flyweight, who is seeking to emulate Pancho Villa



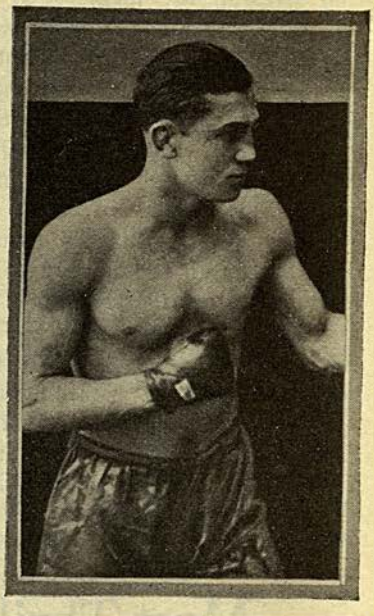
Johnny Kozlowski, the Rochester Assassin, with a good record as a featherweight



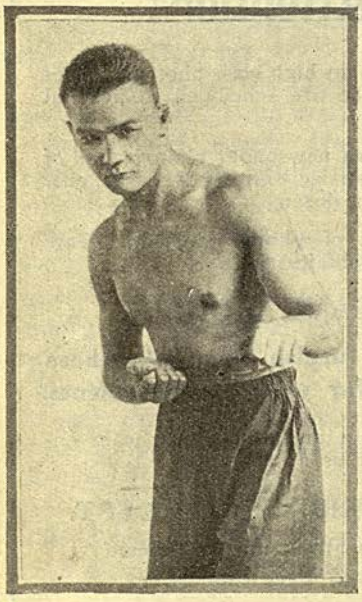
Ralph Nischo, a bantamweight from East New York, who is on the trail of the leading bantams.



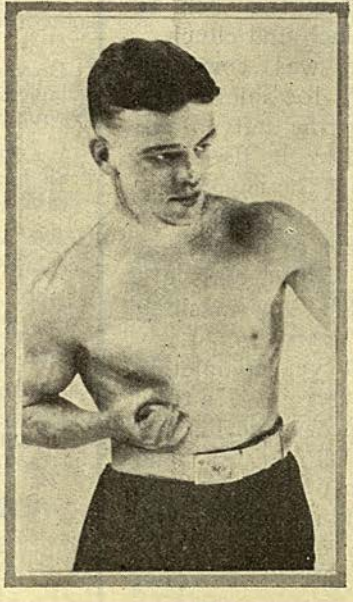
Jack Palmer, a welterweight of Philadelphia who has gained recognition as a hard walloper



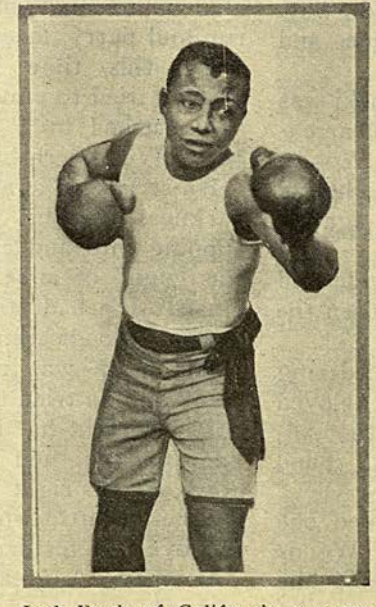
Ray Mitchell, lightweight boxer, who hails from Philadelphia. He is managed by Anthony Corrado



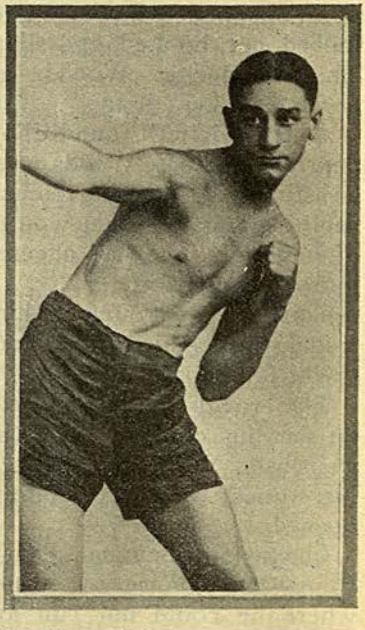
Frank Mozdy, Buffalo's latest fly-weight sensation



Red McDonald of Toledo, a classy junior featherweight



Jack Doyle of California, a negro battler, who fears no one



Harry Wallach, one of the greatest prospects turned out of the A. A. A.

My Hardest Fight—As Told by Johnny Dundee

By JOHN L. (IKE) DORGAN

JOHNNY DUNDEE sat disconsolately in a big arm chair in his apartment on Riverside Drive, New York City, the day after he was dethroned as junior lightweight champion. Kid Sullivan, who it was generally thought or supposed had seen his best ring days, upset the dope when he outfought the Miracle Man in ten torrid rounds at Henderson's Bowl, Brooklyn. Pried loose of one of two titles broke little Giuseppe Carraro's heart. Carraro is Dundee's family monicker, and Giuseppe, or Joseph, his baptismal name.

However, Dundee reconciles himself to the fact that he is still the proud possessor of a crown—featheweight champion, at 126 pounds—that was once worn by such renowned holders as George Dixon, Terry McGovern, Abe Attell, Johnny Kilbane and Eugene Criqui. Johnny annihilated Criqui, the French gamester, last summer, and had an ambition of ten years gratified. He later retrieved his 130-pound laurels from Jack Bernstein, which Jack took from him at the New York Velodrome.

Johnny wanted sympathy, and well do we all know how misery loves company. The 'phone didn't ring as of yore when Johnny laid low an opponent. Messengers carting flowers and messages of congratulations were as scarce as hens' teeth and friends didn't break their necks in a mad rush to shake his mighty fist. It was just another day in the great warrior's life.

To break the monotony of things and at the same time hoping to relieve Dundee of some of his injured feelings, the interviewer asked a number of questions at random. Johnny faced the barrage in the same stolid manner as in the height of fusilading inside the 24-foot space.

"How did you feel when Benny Leonard sat in the opposite corner?" "What ran through your mind the night Willie Jackson knocked you for a row of tenement houses?" "When do you intend to hang up your gloves?" were some of the queries. But the veteran campaigner refused to bite. He didn't seem the least interested. There were more engrossing matters running through his brain.

Not until we approached the subject "Who gave you your hardest fight?" was Dundee willing to add a page in the history of pugilism.

"Well do I remember the lad who punched me full of holes and made me wish I had never taken up fisticuffs for a living," Dundee was eager to recount. "As long as I live I shall never forget the beating I received at the hands of Joe Rivers, the Mexican, for nine of our twenty-round battle fought in Uncle Tom McCarey's arena, at Los Angeles, in the spring of 1914. That fellow had no mercy for his fellow man.

"By the way, that was the last long distance scrap held in the State of California. During the time I was on the receiving end I wished they had killed the game before I was taken there. What a shellacing I got.

"Wow! I can still feel the sting and impact of Joe's blows!

"He battered me from pillar to post and I could see on the faces of the great majority of people seated at the ringside that afternoon they expected to see me lying on the resin floor taking the count.

"Not very many knew that for three days before the fight I injured my left hand in training," continued the champ. "Scotty Montieth, who managed me then, was anxious to postpone the event, but McCarey pleaded that I go on because that was the only and last date and he stood to blow a wad of coin. We decided to please the old fellow, whom we had come to admire and respect for his great sportsmanship.

"The Rivers camp didn't dream I was practically fighting their man with one hand. Had they known things might have turned out differently. That is, I wouldn't have taken victory out of the jaws of defeat, and I hate to think what would have become of me.

"The first bell sounded like money from home to Joe. He made a wild lunge, missed a terrific right hand uppercut, but got his bearings and planted a stiff left hook to the body. I'll swear he must have had a horseshoe in the glove, for the punch hurt me. I immediately put on roller skates and ran around to avoid getting put to sleep right off the reel. Joe was full of fight and he beckoned me to fight back, but I had notions of my own as to what to do.

"Two trip-hammer rights missed the jaw by the proverbial whisker." Dundee smiled as his mind wandered to the second round of that historic encounter.

"They were pips! The good Lord was with me that day. Joe became enraged. He rushed around planting rights and lefts to the face and body as fast as his little arms could move. He was beginning to inflict punishment. The more he missed the faster he rushed me, and I could see from the expression on his face that he was for tearing me to pieces. All I could do was to stick the right out and hold him at bay. But he knocked it down as often as I put it up to ward off some of his punches.

"Blood oozed from my nose and from several cuts on the face. I was a pitiful sight entering the fifth stanza. Rivers kept boring in, hitting me when and wherever he pleased. I kidded him with the left, shooting it out now and then, but I didn't land with it, fearing it would go out of commission. I stalled with the right and in this way I was saved from getting knocked out.

"The seventh came and there I stood like a mummy taking an unmerciful licking. Many wondered how I could stand on my feet, let alone come out of my corner to answer the bell. They marvelled at my grit.

"I felt like a man stuck up in a hallway, given no quarter and no chance to defend myself. The eighth was a repetition of the previous rounds. Rivers was all smiles when he came out for this particular session.

"'Wot's the matter; give the people a run for their money; come on and fight.' His words hurt my feelings more than the punishment meted out. My heart was broken. I could stand it no longer. I looked a sight. Any other referee would have been justified in stopping the one-sided battle.

"Scotty was a sad looking fellow. He almost cried. He asked if I wanted him to throw in a towel.

"Just before the bell sounded for the ninth I wiped Scotty's tears and buoyed up his spirits when I announced: I'm getting an awful licking. Bad hand or no bad hand, here I go.

"I let fly a right uppercut which caught Joe squarely on the point of the chin. His knees sagged and he almost went down. The furiousness of my attack surprised the Mexican and the spectators as well. They couldn't believe their eyes when I tore into Rivers and started to give him a dose of his own medicine.

"Scotty was like a new born babe, smiling and kissing me on the cheek when I returned to the corner. 'Looks like you're got the Mexican on the run.'

"He didn't have to tell me that, for I knew I had Joe's number. In the tenth, eleventh, twelfth and thirteenth I had overcome his long lead and the boys were rooting for me. The betting had changed and they made me a red hot favorite.

"In the seventeenth I had Rivers on the verge of a knockout. I battered him all over the place until he looked as if a trolley car or a railroad train had run him over. In the eighteenth Joe was rocky again, but he gamely stood his ground. He was all in and didn't land another good punch. Beaney Walker, who was covering the fight, said the next day that it was the last and best fight.

"I climbed out of the ropes with my face a mass of bruises, one of my eyes

(*Continued on page* 29)

A Little of This and That

By GABE McCAFFREY

ONLY ONE

YES, indeed, Strangler Lewis is the only wrestler who successfully brought prize fight tactics onto the mat. And he never meant it.

IRISH NOT OUT

We noticed where a sports writer stated that the Irish, once the most conspicuous in the ring, were now "about out of it." Not yet, when we consider that by taking one Irish name alone (Delaney) we have three pretty well known pugs in Jack, Jim and Joe, that does not indicate the Irish are very far out. Especially for a race that boasts: Brannigan, Flannigan, Milligan, Gilligan, Duffy, McGuffy, Mullarky, Mahone, Rafferty, Cafferty, Connelly, Donnelly, Dooley, O'Hooley, Muldowny, Malone, Maddigan, Caddigan, Hallahan, Callahan, Shanahan, Lanahan, Fogarty, Hogarty, Kelly, O'Shelly, McGinnis, McGinn.

DO YOU REMEMBER

Way back when the gag came out about the prize fighter who gave his shoes a good lacing and trimmed his mustache?

MARRIAGE

And when the choir sings its song
The nuptial bells will sound the gong
That starts the fight inside the wedding ring.

TRAINING

Some fighters train on the dance floor. It comes under the head of swinging the dumb belles.

ODE TO DEMPSEY

(The movies have changed Jack Dempsey's face from that of a fighter to that of an angelic juvenile actor.—News Item.)

Your fighting face, they say, has passed from you away,
The movies made you pacifist—in looks.
But still I must insist—you'd always "pass-a-fist"—
A fist with jabs, and uppercuts, and hooks.

Just here the other night I saw that in a fight
You knocked no less than three plug uglies flat.
There may be some who seek to brand you as a shiek,
But I can't see how they can figure that.

JUST THE SAME

"Big" Munn, former Nebraska football star, has given up boxing for wrestling. If he meets Strangler Lewis he won't know whether or not he is boxing or wrestling.

CATCHING UP

They said Firpo was behind in his fighting schedule, so he up and got married.

JUST ONCE.

Benny Leonard, while making a movie, fell and landed on a pile of rocks instead of in the water, as planned. But it's our opinion that it was the only time Benny was ever "on the rocks."

TEARS AND BEERS

"We used to have real prize fighters in the old days," sobbed the aged ring fan.

"Yes, and real booze fighters," weepingly rejoined the grizzled old dog with the rubicund bugle.

WOT'S IN A NAME?

Some of the fistic fans accuse Dempsey of being egotistic and declare that all he thinks about is Dempsey. Some of the promoters declare that he thinks a great deal about "Jack" too.

IF

If stands stiff in the corner, but IF Berlenbach could have warmed up another fighter to relieve him in the ring during his go with Delaney, like they do with baseball pitchers on a diamond, with pleasing results to the hurlers trying to line up a string of wins, Berlenbach might not have stopped at 23 in a row.

THE ALMOST CHAMP

HE was a young boxer from out in the sticks.
He got a big "rep" by defeating the hicks.
So Sandy D. Handy decided that he
A manager for this young hopeful would be.

He thought of a battle that should be a "go,"
To line up the Kid against Old Timer Joe.
Joe was a "vet" with both defeats and years
And had cauliflowers on both of his ears.

Sandy D. Handy thought he had things set.
He figured this battle a pretty safe bet.
After the Kid had the tinear in camp
He figured to boast of a new future champ.

So the night of the fight a big crowd was on hand,
To view the young chap who had burned up the land,
So husky and buxom, so game and so bright.
Every one said it would sure be his fight.

But when the fight started, alack and alas,
The Tinear was driving home pass after pass.
One to the midriff and one to the chin,
One to the jaw and the Kid was "all in."

So they picked up the Kid on a stretcher so nice,
And on top of his head they laid on cracked ice.
Then Sandy D. Handy did curse and complain,
And back to the country the Kid went again.

TERRIBLE FIGHT

Kid Chloral was matched against Battling Ladder. He went three rounds with Ladder and "knocked him out."

YEA BO

Some of the pugs got hard boiled from being in "hot water" so much.

HOW HE GOT LICKED

"The fellow socked me in the synagogue—I mean the temple. I went three rounds with him. He hit me and I went round, and round, and round. He socked me twice. That was a pair of socks.

FIRPO BETTER NOT

There is some talk of Firpo taking up wrestling. But it seems like any good wrestler could throw the Bull.

NATURALLY

The dentist's organization went on record favoring boxing as the most manly and uplifting sport. I suppose they did so despite the fact that it also loosens teeth for some of the lads.

PLENTY TOUGH

Firpo reminds me of restaurant chicken. He is one tough bird.

LET ME INFORM YOU

The Boxer rebellion was not a pugilistic uprising.

QUESTION EXPLAINED

The reason the English pugs are inferior to the Americans in the ring is because of their undying respect of nobility. It is natural for an Englishman to have a count over him.

THE SPENDERS

WHEN we think about Jack Dempsey and all his easy dough,
Our memories go wafting back to times of long ago.
We cannot help but retrospect upon the mellow past
And contemplate the champions who spent their money fast.

Jim Jeffries could have owned the earth if he had saved his "dough,"
But "Jeff" was one of those whose creed was "spend it as you go."
And so he's broke, despite the "kale" once made "hand over fist,"
And in the twilight of his life, he's turned evangelist.

Jack Johnson is another "pug" who went through lots of "tin,"
But where, oh where, is all the cash, his heavy gates took in?
In fact, to speak in earnest, the low-down of his case,

(*Continued on page* 21)

PUGILISTIC RHYTHM

THE ACID TEST

By James K. McGuinness

TELL me the promise you've found in a lad
Milling around in the street;
Plenty of others just like him have had
Plenty—and still met defeat.
Tell me the bird that he hits with his right,
Drops like a sapling that's cleft;
Yet, ere I bow to his conquering might—
What can he do with his left?

Tell me he's there with the old fashioned stuff,
All sorts of nerve and of heart;
Never steps back when the going is rough,
Shoots all he's got from the start,
Tell me he's fast as a flash on his feet,
Carrying plenty of heft;
Still I must know this, and so I repeat,
What can he do with his left?

THE "COMEBACKS"

By T. E. W.

IN each little gym along the fistic way,
You'll see these men, day after day;
Heroes of a former fame,
A come-back now their only aim

Hard they work, with a spirit time can't break;
Striving for a thing they'll never be,
Hoping, for a thing they'll never see;
Still they work and still they hope,
Aiming at that one high stake.
Till at last, old "Father Time," his toll must take,
They've fought and won, then fought and lost,
Still their efforts were worth all the cost;

To each faltering youngster, stumbling in life's lane,
These "comebacks" have been an inspiration to try again.

VERSUS FATE

By H. C. Van Buskirk

HAS Battlin' Fate ever socked yuh hard
And almost laid yuh low.
By a nasty, stingin' blow?

Have you been slugged across Life's ring,
And knocked clean through the ropes?
And did that hurt yer fightin' heart,
And almost blast yer hopes?

Fer th' love of Mike, don't get downcast;
Don't be a hopeless tramp;
But look around—I'm sure yuh'll find,
A lesson in th' Champ.

Right NOW'S the time fer you to fight
An' show th' world yer style.
An' when yuh start yer sluggin' bee,
Just wear a cheery smile.

The world will love yuh for that smile;
Fans like a cheery grin;
The man who smiles and gamely fights
Is th' man who'll always win.

A Little of This and That

(*Continued from page* 20)

He couldn't even try to look a nickel in the face.

And Nonpareil Jack Dempsey once reaped a golden yield,
And then he died to get an unmarked grave in Potter's Field.
Look at the once great Langford, a blind old man to-day—
Where is the "jack" he once made? It all has rolled away.

But these are not the only ones; alas, there's plenty more;
George Dixon and McGovern—why, I could name a score.
Joe Wolcott is to-day engaged in stoking on a ship;
Young Griffo is another "pug" who let a fortune slip.

The ring is full of tales like this—of men who win to fail;
They hustle down the primrose path and leave a golden trail,
And after they are down and out, all the empty credit
They get is when some bird exclaims, "Good fellow when he had it."

MAYBE SO

Perhaps the reason we see quite a bit of stalling in the ring is because the fighters are from somebody's stable.

LUCKY AT THAT

Carpentier received $70,000 for fighting Gibbons. But look what he would have got if he fought Firpo!

HARD TO SAY

They are finding so many heavyweight aspirants in previously unheard of countries that we do not know whether the promoters are trying to furnish some prizefighting or just to teach the fans some geography.

INDIGNANT

Our fraternity is going to hold an indignation meeting against Firpo. We do not like the way he "knocked" our Lodge.

BOYCOTTED

Luis Angel Firpo has decided to ignore Wills. Wills can claim one championship at least—he is the champion ignored man.

GRANTED

Farmer Lodge, in speaking about his setto with Firpo, stated that he had a pain when the big Bull of the Pampas hit him. Nobody called the farmer a liar.

The Ring's Compilation of Champions Throughout the World

World Champions	Heavyweight	Light-Heavyweight	Middleweight	Welterweight	Lightweight	Featherweight	Bantamweight	Flyweight
Country	Dempsey	McTigue	Greb	Walker	Leonard	Dundee	Goldstein	Villa
America	Dempsey	Tunney	Greb	Walker	Leonard	*Dundee	Goldstein	Genaro
England	Bloomfield	Bloomfield	Todd	Lewis	Mason	Geo. McKenzie	Brown	*Open
France	Carpentier	Morelle	Charles	Porcher	Bretonnel	Ledoux	Routis	Gleizes
Belgium	Van Humbeck	Julios	Devos	Hobin	Germain	Hebrans	Scillie	Montreuil
Holland	Van Der Veer	Westbroeck	Westbroeck	Van derHoff	Van derHoff	Van Vliet	Van Dyke	(Vacant)
Italy	Spalla	Contro	Bruno	Bosisio	Sarboni	(Vacant)	Bosetti	Marzorati
Germany	Breittenstraeter	Buckzum	Prenzel	(Vacant)	Naujocks	Sasse	Grass	Kohler
Spain	Teixidor	Molero	Carlos	Ailo	Zaldwar	Miro	(Vacant)	Ferrand
Switzerland	Clement	Clement	Baechli	Maestrini	Baas	Simeth	(Vacant)	(Vacant)
Australia	Ern Sheppeard	Ern Waddy	Tommy Uren	Fred Kay	Hugh Dwyer	Hebrans (Belgium)	J. Semmens	Geo. Mendies
Europe	Carpentier (France)	McTigue (Ireland)	Todd (England)	Ted "Kid" Lewis (England)	Bretonnel	Ernie Baxter	Brown (England)	Montreuil (Belgium)
Orient	.....	.....	.....	I. Flores (Philippines)	S. Jaminito (Philippines)	T. Pandong (Philippines)	P. Sarmiento (Philippines)	F. Conception (Philippines)

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*Wilde and Kilbane retired.

Revised to Date.

Scene in "Honest Hearts and Willing Hands" Wh

John L. Sullivan Made His Greatest Stage Hit

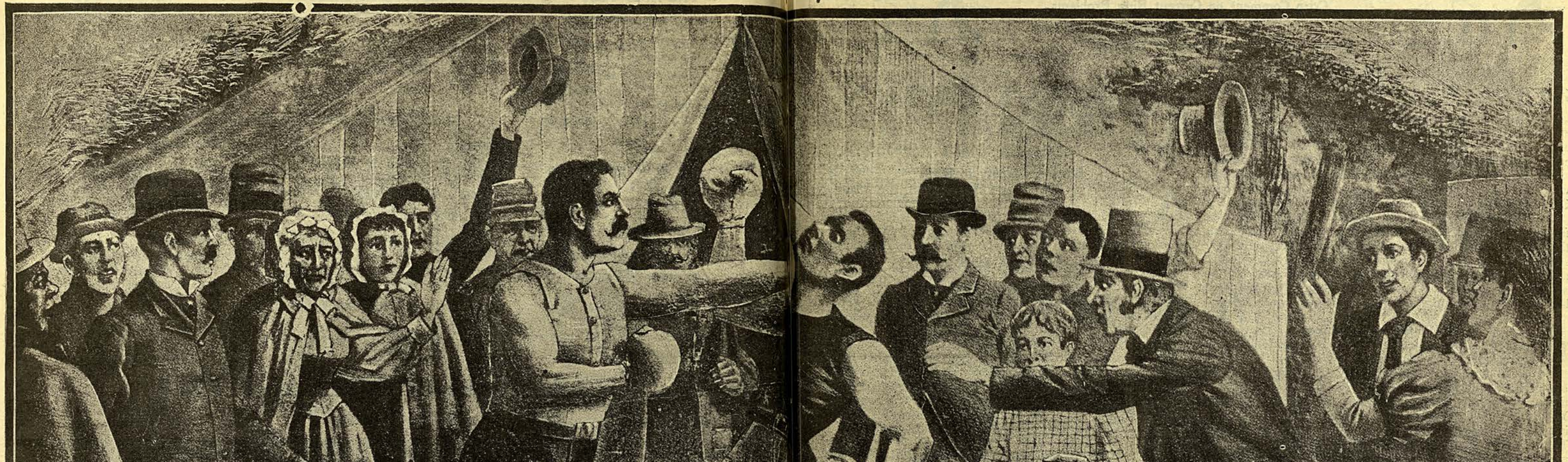
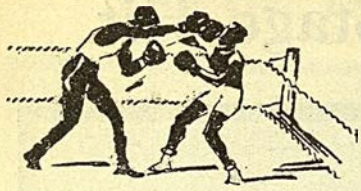


Photo given to THE RING *by Jack Skelly.*

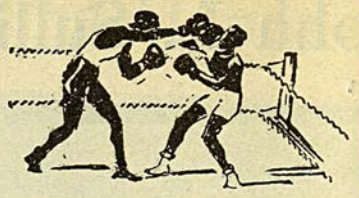
Final act, where the Big Champion, in character of James Daily, f[illegible]oe Lannon, as Pug O'Brien, and defeated the scheme of the villain.



As We See It

Crisp Comment on Current Ring Problems

By NAT FLEISCHER
Publisher and Editor of THE RING



In re Harry Wills' Defeat

"HARRY WILLS has gone back," is the cry of the fistic experts.

Of this there can be no doubt.

But, has the negro challenger of Jack Dempsey been eliminated from the field of contenders for the heavyweight crown as a result of his showing against Bartley Madden?

This is the question uppermost in the minds of those who have been following the fistic fortunes of the New Orleans Thunderbolt.

Wills, after his bout with Madden, declared that he favored his right hand which recently was broken and that had he been forced to extend himself, he would have scored a knockout. This excuse is plausible, yet one must remember that he entered the ring having his entire future at stake and that a knockout of Madden would have brought him a fortune of half a million dollars.

* * * * *

The Psychological Effect

WE offer no alibis for Wills, for we feel, as do thousands of other fistic followers, that Wills lost considerable prestige by his failure to knock out Madden and opened the question of whether he continues to be the leading contender for Dempsey's title. Yet one point does arise which is worthy of discussion as it tends to bring forth a reason for Wills's poor showing. The point at issue is: "What effect did the long postponement have on a fighter who knew that a contest with Dempsey hinged on the outcome of his battle with Bartley Madden?"

One may argue that the same effect was produced on Madden as on Wills and that Wills, being the more famous and more tried battler, the effect was greater on Bartley than on the negro.

Any person who has made a study of athletics and physical training knows full well the effect of a postponement on an athlete trained to the minute. The muscular system as well as the brain suffers through a postponement, especially through a long delay caused by court procedure such as the litigation which took place prior to the opening of the Queensboro Stadium.

As we remarked above, we offer no alibis for Wills and we have nothing but the greatest respect for the admirable courage and pluck of Madden, yet we feel that the court action preceding the fight and the three postponements played havoc with Wills and were partly responsible for his poor showing.

Let us not forget that the same cry was raised against Dempsey when he failed to knock out Bill Brennan until the twelfth round and let Gibbons stay the limit of fifteen.

The test of Wills's true strength will come when he faces Luis Firpo.

* * * * *

May His Soul Rest in Peace

BILL BRENNAN'S death at the hands of a murderer came as a shock to his host of friends. An affable fellow, with a smile for all who knew him, a brave, stout-hearted fighter who never knew defeat until his body was paralyzed, Brennan went to his death without having a chance to defend himself.

There never was no gamer fighter than Brennan. He had bulldog grit and a fearless heart that made him one of the greatest trial horses in modern ring history.

Courageous to the core, Bill Brennan shortened the career of many a fighter who for a time appeared to possess championship possibilities. His surprising battle against Jack Dempsey in Madison Square Garden and his stirring, sensational fight with Luis Firpo in the same arena, proved Brennan's mettle. He submitted himself to a world of punishment in each of those contests just to prove that he had stamina, grit and fighting courage and these he showed conclusively beyond a shadow of doubt.

Bill Brennan is gone! May his soul rest in peace!

* * * * *

Lemons Aplenty in U. S.

ANOTHER great foreign "battler" of the LEMON VARIETY was placed on public exhibition at the Queensboro Stadium on June 17 in Andreas Balza, advertised as the champion heavyweight of Spain and a former bull fighter. Those who saw this sorry specimen of a heavyweight stopped by Floyd Johnson in the third round, will agree that Balza is a splendid BULL fighter. Without any defense or attack, without the faintest knowledge of the essentials of boxing, this Spaniard was an imposition on the intelligence of the fight fans who pay the freight.

Just one more reason why foreign boxers should not be placed ahead of tried and true American fighters before these foreigners have satisfactorily proved their worth.

Let us have no more of these circus hands exhibited. Naming such clowns as Balza as headliners will eventually kill the game.

An ounce of precaution is worth a pound of cure.

* * * * *

Leonard and the Welterweight Title

BENNY LEONARD, lightweight champion of the world, is to meet Mickey Walker, welterweight title holder. This match is of unusual significance—of far greater importance than it seems to be at first blush. Benny may not have wanted the welterweight title when he allowed himself to forget what he was doing in that memorable fiasco with Jack Britton. But this time Leonard is hot after the crown of the welters.

And for that there is a strong reason. Leonard has been having trouble making the lightweight limit for the last three years. His easy regimen in the last year has softened him a bit and certainly has made him heavier. He hates the prospect of having to punish himself every time he goes into the ring with a lightweight for the title in that division and he hankers after the softer going in the welterweight class.

Leonard can make the welters as popular as he made the lightweights. Leonard can make his progress in the welterweight class as lucrative as he made his performances in the lighter section. No matter what title Benny holds he will pack them into the arena every time he comes to scratch. He has used up every attractive medium in the lightweight class and now must seek a new division in which to bring new faces into the ring with him. The Dundee thing has been done to a turn. Walker's defeat of Lew Tendler finished the Philadelphian as an attraction. Kansas and Moran are gone, both of them.

* * * * *

Should Beat Walker

LEONARD ought to beat Walker and take the welter title. If Benny should do that he will make the welter division more popular than ever before in its history. It never has been an attractive class for the reason that it has been a sort of stop gap between the lightweights and the middleweights. Good welters soon became good middleweights for the more lucrative engagements they could get and good lightweights took care to stay out of the snubbed welter class.

Leonard's graduation into the welterweight class will be a splendid thing for boxing. It will give a new dignity and importance to the welters and will brighten up competition among the lightweights. Jack Zivic, Sid Terris and a few others are coming up to dispute the matter of supremacy in the reorganized lightweight section. There will be a new deal all around. There will be new faces in the two divisions and old faces will pass into the discard.

Boxing is full of has-beens who are trading on their reputations of years ago and getting money for things they no longer are capable of performing. Old Man Retirement beckons to them with both hands.

* * * * *

A Real Donnybrook

FOUR knockouts, thirteen knockdowns in four of the wildest shindigs seen in New York since the inauguration of the Walker Law.

This is what took place on June 19 at the New York Velodrome. Quite a treat for those who clamor for action, blood and haymakers.

* * * * *

Queerest of Queer Decisions

HAPPENINGS such as the disqualification of Jack Zivic in the third round of his bout with Pal Moran recently will hasten the end of boxing in the State of New York unless there is a sharp revision in the standards for referees. Johnny Gallagher, who was the third man in the ring in the Zivic-Moran encounter, was guilty of gross incompetence, stupidity and rank judgment. Outside of this mild indictment, nothing can be said against Gallagher. Gallagher's honesty cannot be impugned—nor is there any disposition on our part to examine into his motives. But Gallagher loses his head inside the ropes and a headless referee is about as useful as an armless boxer.

We said, after the Dempsey-Firpo bout, that Gallagher was unfit to act as third man in the ring and we repeat this now.

Gallagher disqualified Zivic because the Pittsburgh lightweight struck Moran while Pal was in reverse position. The referee held that Moran had been struck on the breakaway.

As a matter of fact Moran should have been disqualified for holding and had the fight gone five minutes or so longer the referee would have been saved the trouble of using whatever mental faculties he could muster. He would have been called on to do nothing more than count ten over a prostrate Moran—and counting ten is about the limit for some of the men who have been seen as referees in New York arenas.

* * * * *

In re the Breakaway

THE rules state that a boxer must not hit on the breakaway. But there is nothing in any code of boxing, from the London prize ring rules to the present laws of the New York State Commission, to bar what Zivic did when he hammered Moran while the Louisiana entry was turning away and flinching under the rain of blows delivered by Zivic. Gallagher took unwarranted liberties with the rules and handled Zivic in the most arbitrary manner possible.

Under ordinary circumstances the disqualification of a contender for fouling would be a big blow to the man sent out of the ring. But in this instance unbiased critics and followers of boxing in general will chalk up a triumph for Zivic instead of a victory for Moran and mark up another error for Mr. Gallagher.

Of what avail is it for a boxer to struggle up the ladder to a position where he can command a title encounter when all his efforts can be set at naught by incompetence on the part of a referee?

An incompetent man is worse than a crooked official in the ring. You can guard against crookedness, but you are at a loss against incompetence.

Zivic now stands in line for a crack at the lightweight title. He looks about as good as anybody else for the crown which seemingly is to be discarded by the growing Leonard. Zivic has cleverness and a punch—and resourcefulness, without which no man ever won a title.

* * * * *

Dundee Has Gone Back

IN his bout with Kid Sullivan, a terrific body puncher, Johnny Dundee conclusively proved that age is beginning to tell on him. Not that the new titleholder is any younger than Dundee, for each has seen about the same number of years of ring service, but Dundee seemed to lack all the essentials of a champion. Dundee lacked his old time skill, failed to display the furious attacks he showed to such advantage in his bout with Criqui when he won the featherweight crown, and even in his defensive work he was off form.

There certainly was nothing queer about the verdict that gave Sullivan the crown and such attitude as that taken by our friend Jimmy Walker is uncalled for. Dundee was beaten on his merits.

* * * * *

How TAD Sees It

WHILE on the subject of decisions, we feel that our readers will be interested in the following which was written by Tad, world famous cartoonist and sports expert of the New York Evening Journal. Tad's comment follows an attack upon the judging system by Senator James J. Walker, father of the New York State Boxing Law. Here is what Tad has to say:

We are not sure whether New Yorkers would like the one-man decision in their fights as Senator James J. Walker suggests. Of course a competent referee is better than a pair of unqualified judges, yet the very best of referees make glaring mistakes at times.

Take the case of the late George Siler.

He was about all one could ask for as a third man in the ring, yet his decision to Jeffries over Sharkey at Coney Island caused a terrific roar, and the roar was right. Sharkey carried that fight to Jeff in almost every round, and even though he was injured internally, to the spectators he was the winner by right.

Then there was the Gans-Nelson fight at Goldfield. Nelson's manager, Billy Nolan, was not popular. He made Gans weigh in with his tights, gloves and shoes on. That set the crowd against Nelson.

It was a gruelling fight, going over forty rounds, and Siler finally gave it to Gans on what he thought was a low punch.

The writer saw the movies of that fight, and at the moment Siler gave his decision, Gans' back was to him as it was to the moving picture machine, and there was no way of Siler seeing it.

Nelson proved that he was the better man later on when he knocked Gans out twice.

Eddie Graney, a great referee, booted one the night he gave Jimmy Britt the decision over Young Corbett.

The loss of that fight broke Corbett's heart. He was never much afterward.

Billy Roche also kicked one around the lot the night he gave Britt a decision over Bat Nelson in Frisco. The writer was at the ringside on both these occasions, and if ever a man ran second it was Mr. James E. Britt.

That one man on both occasions thought he was right, but the thousands who witnessed the fights with him KNEW that he was wrong.

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Bronson's and Brown's Fistic Stars

(*Continued from page* 8)

tle was such a good one that Rickard lost no time rematching them for the Garden. In the return engagement Leonard broke Duane's jaw and the referee intervened.

Previous to making his debut in New York Johnny defeated Al Shubert and Jimmy Cooney among others. After "backstopping" Lew Hurley's left hooks to the body and smashing right crosses to the chin for five rounds, Johnny came from behind and gave little Lew a pasting he never will forget. In his last start Leonard trounced Jack Hausner, Hurley's stablemate. Leonard is a great club performer. Under fire his heart is as big as his body. The fiercer the onslaught the better he likes to battle.

Bronson waxes enthusiastic over his latest find, the 180-pounder, in Clarence (Sandy) Seufert. Most of the Bronson-Brown boys come from Pittsburgh. Big Clarence engaged in only seven amateur fights. He turned pro about three months ago, and in his first four starts emerged victorious in each. He is a great puncher and can take it until the cows come home. He has a lot of color, too, and we believe Jimmy has the right dope when he says Sandy is a diamond in the rough.

Jimmy holds a warm spot in his heart for Bob Martin, conceded to be one of the greatest fighters that ever laced on a glove. Automobile injuries hastened Bob's retirement. He was one of the sensations of boxing behind the lines in France, winning the Inter-allied and A. E. F. heavyweight titles. His name will long live in the memories of enthusiasts who saw him perform in various spots. He was a credit to the game.

Burnbrook is a capable welter. He has just turned twenty-one. He is down at Camp Holagird, Md., strutting his stuff for Uncle Sam. In sixty-five starts he has scored fifty k. o.'s. In due time Jimmy hopes to bring him to New York and make an attempt to get some of Mickey Walker's rivals to fight him.

Another tireless performer is little Bobby Garcia, the only Mexican-Indian fighter in the ring. He was born and raised down at Juarez, Mexico. He has been in the army four years. About three years ago he thought up the bright idea of trying his hand at fighting and, glad to relate, he has made more than good. He owns knockouts over Frankie Rice, Romero Roche, Newport Johnny Brown, Chick Kansas and Lew Haywood. He fought Kid Williams twice when the former bantam king was at his height, and also held his own with Lou (Kid) Kaplan. He boxed Earl Baird, the Seattle bearcat, four times, and beat him twice. He has also beaten Eddie Brady, Cuddy De Marco twice, Jimmy Cooney, Tommy Noble, Jack Hausner and Frankie Edwards.

Paddy Ryan is another welter prospect. He scales around 142 pounds. He held the national amateur lightweight title in 1922 and won it by knocking out Marty Smith at Boston. Since he turned pro he has beaten Dick Conlon, Fred Lux, Joe Burton, Dave Weber, Buck Thomas, Johnny Campbell and Jimmy Cox.

Marty Sullivan is the baby of the layout. He is a feather. He has had about twenty fights and is unbeaten. Bronson thinks he has the makings of a champion.

In closing permit us to say a few words about Bronson. Had he not chosen a pugilistic career and then been graduated into a live manager it is dollars to doughnuts Joimes would have commanded large sums for making speeches. He is a miniature William Jennings Bryan, because he can orate with the best of them.

Altogether he has spent twenty-six years in the fight game. When the war broke out he hustled over to Europe to try and run things for Uncle Sam. But they put the irrepressible Jimmy in the back lines to teach boxing. It was there he discovered Bob Martin, but his greatest feat was yet to come. He arranged tournaments, managed the Inter-allied and A. E. F. championships, and any of the boys who were over there will tell you that he refereed 2,000—count 'tm—bouts. He returned with Martin and ballyhooed him to the skies, and sure enough, big Bob stood up and made plenty of money. His partner, Brown, has always been interested in the sport. Years ago he managed Johnny Russell, Irving Jampol and one or two others. He holds a good paying job with the Famous Players, but his hobby is to climb through the ropes and second a fighter. He is also a very good business man and of great help to Bronson when it comes to demanding oodles of money from promoters for the services of their stars.

Another thing we want to get off our mind, and it is this bold statement: We consider Bronson the greatest second since the halcyon days of Spider Kelly. He has magnetism, a nice way of coaching a fighter when he appears to be in distress, and taken all in all he brings many victories out of the fire.

But as a talker—we can see Jimmy now standing on the street corner with a big black cigar in his mouth, his fingers on the top holes of his vest—oh, well, he is second to nobody.

REMINISCENCES OF A VETERAN

(*Continued from page* 12)

But when I viewed Sullivan as he appeared this day at Mississippi City, I changed my opinion of the entire order of things.

Here perhaps was the most wonderful specimen of humanity the sun ever shone on. Here was a man with the face, head and eyes of a real gladiator.

Built like a top, with fine stout legs and the most wonderful chest, arms and shoulders I have ever seen, Sullivan at this time was the acme of great physical power and perfect skill and strength and it was his wonderful skill and strength, combined with his speed and weight, that would have made him more than a match for any of the champions that have come since.

As a boxer he was not only clever and fast, but he was ambidextrous and he could strike a fearful blow with either hand.

But best of all here was a 24-year-old lad who up to the moment he had entered this ring had never touched strong drink nor used tobacco in any form.

Instead of being a tough and rowdy as he had been pictured by many, he had grown up in the public schools of Boston and in the home of his beloved mother he had been taught to respect all the amenities of life. He was just a fine, well spoken lad, a natural born athlete whose wonderful strength and power he had come by honestly and which he had developed in his own powerful and aggressive way so as to make of himself the perfect athlete, a thing to delight the eye and to make all men wonder.

* * *

IT is forty-two years since I saw John L. fight Ryan. I never before or since have seen a fighter to compare with Sully as he looked and fought that day. The nearest, perhaps, was Jack Dempsey as he looked that afternoon when he fought and defeated Willard at Toledo.

There comes a time when all pugilists reach the top crest of their power. Sully was 24 when he won the championship from Ryan, and Dempsey was 24 when he defeated Willard. Each at that age had reached a condition they could never hope to reach again.

I say this particularly of Sullivan for my next view of him was one of bitter disappointment.

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Results of Boxing Bouts

JUNE

2—Oklahoma City, Okla.:
Ralph Brooks beat Hugh Walker, ten rounds.
Leo Deible knocked out Buck McCray, four rounds.
K. O. Jack O'Brien beat Lou Hopper, six rounds.

2—Memphis, Tenn.:
Charley Feraci knocked out Kid Bogey, five rounds.

2—Aberdeen, Wash.:
Ted Kracke beat George Lavigne, six rounds.

3—San Antonio, Texas:
Kid Pancho knocked out Jack Boyle, six rounds.

4—Modesto, Calif.:
Freddie Bonillas and Mike Doyle, four-round draw.
Billy Rais beat Tony Azavedo, four rounds.
Kid Kopecks beat Bobby Gray, four rounds.
Young Shannon and Eddie Mahoney, four-round draw.
Kid Rusty knocked out Jack Murphy, one round.
Sailor Evasco knocked out Babe Harris, first round.

4—San Pedro, Calif.:
Young Nationalista knocked out Aiki Akoi, second round.

4—Wallace, Idaho:
Jack Nolan knocked out Bill Nearing, three rounds.

5—San Bernardino, Calif.:
Johnny Adams knocked out Battling Ward, four rounds.

5—Stockton, Calif.:
California Joe Lynch beat Al Crisp, four rounds.
Johnny Fisk beat Pete Francis, four rounds.
Jimmy Phelps beat Joe Abrew, four rounds.
Mike Brennan knocked out Frankie Watson, one round.
Eddie Winstead knocked out Young Ortega, second round.
Mike Brittain beat Young Gerald, four rounds.

5—San Jose, Calif.:
Young Carmen and Ted O'Hara, four-round draw.
Tim Callahan beat Eddie St. Claire, four rounds.
Stanley Williams and Bobby Burns, four-round draw.
Allen Sands beat Andy Silva, four rounds.
Peppery Gaeto knocked out Tom Smith, one round.
Kid Kirby knocked out Battling Spoon, second round.
Kid Williams knocked out L. Roeser, third round.

5—San Francisco, Calif.:
Joe Roche beat Joe McCane, four rounds.
Pat Lester and Soldier Burke, four-round draw.
Johnny Williams beat Harry Faligano, four rounds.
Eddie Doody beat Jack Murray, four rounds.
Louie Santamaria knocked out Johnny Rockoff, four rounds.
Frankie Roberts beat Frank Corbett, four rounds.
Johnny Dargo beat Jimmy Francis, four rounds.
Joe Coni knocked out Jimmy Barry, two rounds.

5—Fort Thomas, Ky.:
Spider Lewis beat Willie Sullivan, ten rounds.
Darkey Raymond beat Vic Nauer, five rounds.
Kid Richie beat Jimmy Harris, four rounds.
Kid Young beat Young Williw, four rounds.
Dandy Jim beat Bungo Buck, four rounds.
Young Foster and Danny Hogan, four-round draw.

6—New Orleans, La.:
Anthony Downey Knocked out Red Hill, six rounds.
Joe Rivers and Jack Melrose, four-round draw.
Terry Mitchell beat Jose Bobbin, four rounds.
Charles Rodriquez beat Sam Pizzitella, ten rounds.

6—Fargo, N. D.:
Russie Leroy knocked out Billy McGuire, one round.
Billy Petrelle knocked out Joe McCabe, four rounds.
Jack O'Dowd and Frankie Petrolle, four-round draw.
Spud Murphy beat Submarine Smith, four rounds.
Kid Jackson knocked out Dan Peters, two rounds.
Young Miller defeated Jimmy Martin, four rounds.

6—Denver, Colo.:
Eddie McCarthy and Joe Black, four round draw.
Joe Coffee beat Jack Doyle, four rounds.
Bobby Moore beat Fighting Nobe, four rounds.
Farmer Spahn knocked out Billy Warner, four rounds.
Eddie Mumma beat Pee Wee Jensen, four rounds.
Gussie Weigle beat Young Jack O'Brien, four rounds.

6—Toronto, Ont.:
Bobby Eber beat Lee (Kid) Roy, ten rounds.

6—Los Anegeles, Calif.:
Dick Hopee beat Frankie Farren, four rounds.
Young Datto stopped Sailor Ashmore, two rounds.

6—San Francisco, Calif.:
Jack Silver beat Eddie White, four rounds.
Sammy Compagno beat Willie O'Brien, four rounds.
Bud Soules and Mike O'Leary, four-round draw.

9—Cincinnati Ball Park:
Warnie Smith beat Jimmy Finley, ten rounds.
Soldier Buck K. O. Young Corbett, four rounds.
K O Victor beat Copper Pence, six rounds.
Wap Marnelli and Kid Jarvis, draw, four rounds.
Fighting Ferraris beat Harry Russell, four rounds.

9—New Orleans:
Amos Carlin knocked out Frankie Demari, twelve rounds.

9—Louisville, Ky.:
Joe Paglina beat Johnny Harvath, twelve rounds.

9—Olympia, Wash:
Macario Flores and Kid Johnson, ten-round draw.

9—Portland, Maine:
Bud Ridley beat Danny Nunes, ten rounds.

10—Sioux City, Ia.:
Pinkey Mitchell beat Al Van Ryan, ten rounds.

10—San Jose, California:
Hank Roberts beat Joe Dunn, four rounds.
Min Mimick drew with Joe Powell, four rounds.
Al Andrews K. O.'s Battling Owens, two rounds.
Battling Dane knocked out Battling Murray, two rounds.
Eddie Dampier knocked out Charley Shepperd, three rounds.
Danny Osborne knocked out Young Wallace, two rounds.

11—Philadelphia, Pa.:
Nate Goldman knocked out Jimmy Sacco, one round.

11—San Francisco, Calif.:
Ray Pelkey beat Jimmy Darrah, four rounds.
Mickey O'Donnell beat Bobby Ertle, four rounds.
Johnny Farr beat Eddie Macey, four rounds.
Fred Sullivan and Sammy Olson, four-round draw.
Eddie Kelly beat Eddie Flank, four rounds.
Vic Morrison beat Jack McFarland, four rounds.
Jack Burns beat Johnny Lawson, four rounds.

12—Providence, R. I.:
Spencer Gardner beat Terry Martin, ten rounds.
Tony Mandell beat Kid Fly, ten rounds.

12—Columbus Sporting Club, Yonkers, N. Y.
Johnny Rocco beat Dominick Servido, ten rounds.
Young Angelo beat Willie Davis, ten rounds.
Joey Kaufmann beat Willie Duffy, six rounds.
Jack Rafferty beat Andy Tomasky, six rounds.
Johnny Fitzpatrick knocked out Johnny Bran, first round.

12—102nd Medical Regiment Armory, New York City:
Charles Picker beat Tommy McAleer, first round.
Joe Marino knocked out Joe Callahan, five rounds.
Billy Ennis Beat Tommy Jordan, four rounds.
Ritchie Martin beat Joe Martino, four rounds.
Ray Donodue knocked out George Baer, one round.

12—Albany, N. Y.:
Pat Mills beat Johnny Darcy, twelve rounds.

12—Cleveland, Ohio:
Harry Greb beat Marty Burke, ten rounds.

12—Berwyn, Md.:
Frankie Genaro beat Joe Clifford, ten rounds.

12—Stockton, Calif.:
Al Crisp and Calif. Joe Lynch, four-round draw.
Johnny Fisk beat George Cerrioto, four rounds.
Bobby Gray and Tommy Gonzales, four-round draw.
Johnny Sacco beat Charlie Bell, four rounds.
Joe Felix beat Johnny Breskell, four rounds.
Mix Brennen beat Joe McFarland, four rounds.

12—San Bernardino, Calif.:
Jimmy Powell and Checkie Herman, four-round draw.
Red Williams and Sailer Ackerman, four-round draw.

13—Aurora, Ill.:
Danny Kramer beat Willie Ames, ten rounds.
Benny Bash and Ted Joyce, called no contest.
Joe Glick beat Frank Scheffer, ten rounds.

13—Baltimore:
Joe Dundee beat Sailor Friedman, twelve rounds.

13—Long Branch:
Sammy Bienfeld and Al Felder, draw, ten rounds.
Carl Morris beat Willie Powell, eight rounds.

13—Altoona, Pa,:
Steve Conlon and Cuddy De Marco, draw, ten rounds.

13—Hamilton, Ont.:
Bobby Eber beat Carl Termaine on foul, five rounds.

13—Mason City, Iowa:
Everett Strong knocked out Gene Mergen, four rounds.

13—Waterloo, Iowa:
Earl Blue and Jack Schoenfrof, draw, ten rounds.

13—Steeplechase A. C.:
Ted Moore beat Frankie Carpenter, twelve rounds.

13—Boston:
Frank Moody beat Jack Malone, ten rounds.
Wee Willie Woods knocked out Eddie Polo, seven rounds.

13—Star Airdome:
Roy Fisher beat Dick Weldon, ten rounds.
Nick Grundy beat Kid Granite, six rounds.
Eddie Eggleston wins on four from Jimmy McCoy, two rounds.
Jack O'Brien knocked out Jap Kates, two rounds.

13—Dreamland Rink, San Francisco:
Teddy O'Hara beat Bud Soules, four rounds.
Eddie White beat Mike O'Leary, four rounds.
Sam Compagne and Willie O'Brien, four-round draw.
Harry Wallace beat Kid Louis, four rounds.
Sammy Santos beat Young Papke, four rounds.
Pickles Martin beat Tommy Comiskey, four rounds.
Henry Faligano beat Johnny Lawson, four rounds.

13—Vancouver, B. C.:
George Sollis and Chick Rocco, ten-round draw.
Young Sam Langford beat Jimmy Ryan, six rounds.
Buster Robinson beat Babe Foote, six rounds.

14—Commonwealth S. C.:
Tiger Flowers beat Joe Lehman, twelve rounds.
Lew Sano beat Sid Burt, six rounds.
Harland McKenzie beat Salvatore Auelli, six rounds.
Joe Kirschner drew with Panama Ted Lewis, six rounds.
Benny Nabers beat Jimmy Braxton, four rounds.

14—Queensboro Stadium:
Pete Hartley beat Herb Brodie, ten rounds.
Bruno Frattini beat Soldier Bartfield, ten rounds.
Sammy Marino beat Harry Getzel, ten rounds.
Paddy Ryan beat Johnny Campbell, six rounds.
Andy Tucker beat Eddie Condon, four rounds.

14—Ridgewood Grove S. C.:
Jimmy Russo beat Davey Abad, six rounds.
Billy Henry beat Joey Baker, six rounds.
Jackie Coburn beat Kid Henry, six rounds.
Izzy Cooper beat Arnold Ryan, six rounds.
Milton Weiss beat Johnny Willette, six rounds.
Max Maravnick beat Mike Durano, four rounds.

14—Fourteenth Regiment Armory:
Johnny Ryan won from Bobby O'Neil on foul in four rounds.
Wes Williams drew with Al Kale, eight rounds.
Al Valyard beat Eddie Enos, four rounds.
Jimmy Emporto beat Joe Palmer, four rounds.

14—Mexico City, Mexico:
Senor Vasquez knocked out Jack Fowler, four rounds.

16—Broadway Exhibition:
Dave Rosenberg drew with Georgie West, twelve rounds.
Joe Scogni beat Mickey Marks, twelve rounds.
Willie O'Connell knocked out Jack Rodner, four rounds.
Al Liebowitz beat Tony Alldoenti, four rounds.

16—Chicago:
Dave Shade beat Warnie Smith, ten rounds.
Tillie (Kid) Herman beat Joe Gans, ten rounds.

16—Pittsfield, Mass.:
Paddy Ryan beat Red Mack, ten rounds.
Louis Dubois beat Lew Perfetti, ten rounds.

16—Newark:
Bob Fitzsimmons beat Jack McAuliffe, twelve rounds.
Tom Lazuka knocked out Joe McCann, four rounds.

16—Oakland A. A., Jersey City:
Billy Britton knocked out Andy (Kid) Palmer, one round.
Willie Suess beat Joey Ross, eight rounds.
Murray Layton beat Buddy Leonard, eight rounds.

16—Waterbury, Conn.:
Harry Greb knocked out Frank Moody, six rounds.
Ed Keeley knocked out Frank Terbier, three rounds.
Tracy Ferguson beat Kid Carson, eight rounds.
Young Leonard wins on foul from Rocky Smith, four rounds.

16—Bralls Field, Freeport, L. I.:
Paul Berlenbach knocked out Chief Halbran, three rounds.
Harry Mulcahey beat Eddie Woodstock, ten rounds.
Jack Demave beat Alex Sclair, ten rounds.

16—Stadium A. C., Troy:
Young Teste wins on foul from Nick Foley, nine rounds.
Johnny O'Connor beat Joe Kestner, eight rounds.

16—Kenilworth, Md.:
Honey Boy Finnegan knocked out Jack Ward, one round.

17—Youngstown, Ohio:
Mike O'Dowd knocked out Eddie Bowen, nine rounds.

17—New Orleans, La.:
Al Wolfast and Joe Matranga, fifteen-round draw.

17—San Jose, Calif.:
Hank Roberts beat Chick Roach, four rounds.
Eddie Garcia stopped Jimmy Vernor.
Harry Fargo knocked out Battling Ownes.
Battling Dane beat Al Andrews, four rounds.
Eddie Kelly beat Young Russell, four rounds.
Joe Powell knocked out Johnny Sherman.
Johnny Burnes beat Cliff Ramies, four rounds.

17—Los Angeles, Calif.:
Dode Bercot beat Joe Benjamin, four rounds.
Georgie Rivers beat Young Nationalista, four rounds.

17—Columbus, Georgia:
Dick White stopped Freddie Boorde, nine rounds.
Kid Paccioni knocked out Spud Murphy, five rounds.
Ben Ray knocked out Kid Shepherd, three rounds.

17—Springfield, Mo.:
Red Herring and Charlie Pitts, draw.

18—Metropolitan Velodrome:
Quintin Romero beat Joe Stoessel, twelce rounds.
Leo Gates knocked out Jimmy Murphy, four rounds.
George Erntioch knocked out Andy Schmader, one round.
Al Roberts knocked out George Mulholland, four rounds.

Joe Silvani knocked out Paddy Murphy, two rounds.
Carl Johnson beat Jack Middleton, four rounds.

18—Newburgh, N. Y.:
Vic Burrone beat Danny Edwards, eight rounds.

18—Sulphur Springs, W. Va.:
Pete Zivic knocked out Billy Rowan, three rounds.

18—Mitchel Field, L. I.:
Sammy Baekr knocked out Jimmy Smith, two rounds.

18—Kingston, N. Y.:
Jimmy Russo beat Sammy Marino, ten rounds.
Dave Webber knocked out Joe Romanelli, three rounds.
Joe Werner beat Johnny Middle, eight rounds.
Joe Dornaed beat Joey Kaufman, six rounds.
Tommy Duffy beat Joe Coffey, four rounds.

19—McGuigan's, Harrison, N. J.:
Harold Farse beat Mickey Romano, twelve rounds.

19—Albany, N. Y.:
Joe Jawson beat Bud Christiano, twelve rounds.

19—Canton, Ohio:
Al Walther knocked out Tommy Neary, six rounds.
Tod Smith and Tony Ross, eight-round draw.

20—Henderson's Bowl, Brooklyn, N. Y.:
Kid Sullivan beat Johnny Dundee, ten rounds.
Sid Terris beat Al Shubert, ten rounds.
Cannonball Martin knocked out Sammy Nable, five rounds.
Paul Berlenbach stopped K. O. Jaffe in seven rounds.

20—Portland, Maine:
Abe Goldstein and Tommy Murray, twelve-round draw.

20—Steeplechase A.A. Rockaway Beach:
Harry (Kid) Brown beat Joe Welling, twelve rounds.
Sammy Vogel knocked out Nick Laperuta, nine rounds.

20—West New York Playground, N. J.:
Irish Johnny Curtin beat Charles Ledoux, ten rounds.
Babe Orlando and Joe Braddock, eight-round draw.
Billy Reynolds knocked out Mickey Gabriel, three rounds.
Phil Russell knocked out Frankie Harvey, four rounds.
Jimmy Francis beat Jerry Ross, four rounds.
Bobbie Russell beat Petie Altierro, six rounds.

20—Ocean View, Long Branch, N. J.:
Artie O'Leary beat Pete Husic, eight rounds.
Sam Oranson knocked out Johnny Druger.

20—Amsterdam, N. Y.:
Tommy McAleer knocked out Mixer Mitchell, ten rounds.
Vincent Peppe knocked out Joe Smith, four rounds.

20—Toledo, Ohio:
Ernie Gosseman beat Red McDonald, twelve rounds.
Johnny Bunch beat Jimmy Katz, six rounds.

20—Providence, R. I.:
Tommy Ryan and Chick Suggs, twelve-round draw.

20—Savannah, Georgia:
Boots Antley beat Artie McCann, ten rounds.
Young Baker beat Red Keenan, eight rounds.
Battling Hicks beat K. O. Kent, six rounds.
Young Richie beat Young Webber, four rounds.

20—Los Angeles, Calif.:
Bert Colima knocked out Bobby Corbett, two rounds.
Larry Murphy and Billy Wallace, four-round draw.

20—Hanford:
Billy Bonllias knocked out Kid Bedford, four rounds.

20—Kellogg, Idaho:
Jack Wise beat Jack Nolan, twelve rounds.

20—Dreamland Rink, San Francisco:
Teddy O'Hara beat Eddie White, four rounds.
Mike Doyle stopped Solly Kronich, three rounds.
Pickles Martin beat Will O'Brien, four rounds.
Benny Berris beat Sammy Santos, four rounds.
Sammy Lee beat Johnny Martin, four rounds.
Henry Faligano beat Johnny Fiske, four rounds.
Sammy Offerman and Sailor Evasco, four-round draw.

21—Commonwealth S. C.:
Ansel Bell beat Mike Castle, twelve rounds.
Joey Hicks beat Charley Murray, two rounds.
Herman Singer beat Johnny Gorney, six rounds.
Mike Senick and Andy Tomasky, four rounds.

21—Ridgewood Grove S. C., Brooklyn:
Jack Snyder beat Buck Josephs, six rounds.
Nat Pincus and Al Scordt, six-round draw.
Tommy Jordon knocked out Tony Yurro, three rounds.
Bobby Burns and Tony Padwana, six-round draw.
August Pisano knocked out Joe Didanari, second round.
Pio Melchoir and Phil Souza, four-round draw.

21—Fourteenth Reg. Armory, Brooklyn:
Bobby Wagner knocked out Dutch Eckhart, three rounds.
Sapper Cohen beat Joe Petio, ten rounds.
Kid Blackie knocked out Willie Rose, three rounds.
Al De Silva beat Billy Rose, four rounds.
Jack Smith knocked out Earl Paimer, two rounds.
Billy Tosk beat Pancho Casseo, four rounds.

21—
Joe Benjamin Knocked out Battling Scotty, one round.

23—Queensboro Stadium, L. I. City:
Pal Moran wins on foul from Jack Zivic, three rounds.
Bobby Garcia beat Earl Baird, ten rounds.
Tommy Wint beat Jimmy Concro, six rounds.
Joe Kirschner beat Charley Rosen, four rounds.
Harry Felix beat Frankie Barrick, four rounds.

23—Broadway Exhibition Assoc., Bklyn:
Italian Joe Gans beat Soldier Bartfield, twelve rounds.
Marty Summers knocked out Sammy Moskowitz, five rounds.
Al Liebowitz beat Lew Goldberg, six rounds.
Max Savitsky beat Al Fugaro, six rounds.
Joe Reggi beat Al Kaufman, four rounds.

23—Oakland A. A., Jersey City:
Joey Silvers beat Ernie Izzards, twelve rounds.
Billy Kennedy beat Steve Smith, ten rounds.

23—Bralls Arena, Freeport, L. I.
Jack McAuliffe II. beat Jack Townsend, ten rounds.
Lew Chester wins on foul from Jimmy Roberts, six rounds.
Izzy Cooper beat Al Pettingill, ten rounds.
Jack Adnit knocked out Danny Hickey, four rounds.
Irving Shapiro beat Alex Taverski, six rounds.

23—Laurel A. C., Newark, N. J.:
Charley Weinert beat Ad Stone, twelve rounds.

23—Mechanics Building, Boston:
Jack Sharkey beat Floyd Johnson, ten rounds.
Jimmy Amato beat Jack McCullen, ten rounds.

23—Shibe Park, Philadelphia:
Bobby Barret knocked out Nate Goldman, three rounds.
George Godfrey knocked out Jack Thompson, three rounds.
George K. O. Chaney knocked out Danny Rogers, two rounds.
Alex Hart beat Don Gartin, ten rounds.
Whitey Fitzgerald beat Johnny Griffin, ten rounds.

23—New Haven, Conn.:
Cuddy De Marco beat Jack Bernstein, twelve rounds.
Young Leonard and Wop Manoleum, ten-round draw.
George Gibbons knocked out Al Festa, three rounds.
George Bender knocked out Mike Confrancisco, one round.

23—Indianapolis, Ind.:
Buddy Taylor knocked out Ed Coulon, one round.
Willie Sullivan beat Carl Stewart, eight rounds.

23—Washington:
Young Dencio beat Bobby Ruttenberg, fifteen rounds.

23—New Orleans, La.:
Kid Carlin knocked out Johnny Buff, nine rounds.

23—Stamford, Conn.:
Irish Jackie Moore and Johnny Williams, ten-round draw.
Willie Angelo knocked out Danny Pavese, six rounds.

23—Pottsville, Pa.:
Gabriel Marcello stopped Adam Smith, first round.

24—Nostrand A. C., Henderson's Bowl, Brooklyn:
Mike Ballerino beat Pepper Martin, twelve rounds.
Cannonball Eddie Martin beat Charley Goodman, twelve rounds.
Ed Keeley beat Jack McDonnell, six rounds.
Henry Coclough beat Al Nuzzella, four rounds.

24—Cirque De Paris, Paris, France:
Fred Brettonel knocked out Danny Frush, eight rounds.

24—Knickerbocker A. C., Albany:
Johnny O'Connor and Joe Sobbie, ten-round draw.
Frankie Engel beat Frankie Maxwell, ten rounds.
Benny Tell beat Wally Foster, ten rounds.

24—Milwaukee, Wis.:
Joe Lohman beat Bud Gorman, ten rounds.
Tommy O'Brien beat Basil Galliano, ten rounds.

24—Worchester, Mass.:
Jackie Williams beat Georgie (Kid) Lee, ten rounds.

24—Los Angeles, Calif.:
Frankie Farren beat Phil Salvadore, four rounds.

24—Denver, Colo.:
Teddy Gartin beat Frankie Herrera, three rounds.

25—National A. C., Mariesville, R. I.:
Young Montreal beat Johnny Sheppard, twelve rounds.
Andy Martin beat Billy Kennedy, eight rounds.

25—Mitchel Field, L. I.:
Sammy Baker knocked out Kid Brown, two rounds.

26—Milk Fund Show, Yankee Stadium, New York City.
Harry Greb beat Ted Moore, twelve rounds.
Young Stribling beat Tommy Loughron, six rounds.
Gene Tunney stopped Erminio Spalla, seven rounds.
Larry Estridge beat Panama Joe Gans, twelve rounds.
Sandy Seifert beat Dan Lieber, four rounds.

26—Waterbury, Conn.:
Tracy Ferguson beat Kid Carson, ten rounds.
Georgie Day beat Johnny Dixon, ten rounds.
Georgie Gibson stopped Frankie Cavanaugh, five rounds.
Jiggers Palladino stopped Patsy Marone, five rounds.
Young Rogers beat Young Lucas, four rounds.

26—Albany, N. Y.:
Quintin Romero-Rojas knocked out Bob Roper, two rounds.

26—New Bedford, Mass.:
Chick Suggs knocked out Tony Thomas, seven rounds.

27—Steeplechase A. A., Rockaway Beach, L. I.:
Joe Dundee beat Johnny Clinton, twelve rounds.
George Graham stopped Joe Silvani, three rounds.
Jackie Mulligan beat Milton Cohen, six rounds.
Sid Keppen beat Johnny Winters, six rounds.
Maxey Rosenblum beat Jack Fogarty, six rounds.

27—Cleveland, Ohio:
Bud Taylor beat Al Ziemer, ten rounds.
Eddie Weygandt beat Al Corbett, eight rounds.
Vic Craig beat Dave Forbes, six rounds.
Mickey Dugan beat Eddie Cone, eight rounds.
Louis D'Arco beat Pete Cannell, six rounds.

27—Toledo, Ohio:
Jack Renault knocked out Joe Burke, one round.

27—Omaha, Neb.:
Morris Schlaiffer knocked out Tillie Herman, seven rounds.

27—Aurora, Ill.:
Pete Samiento beat Irish Johnny Curtin, ten rounds.
Joe Glick beat Frankie Garcia, ten rounds.

27—Erie, Pa.:
Bud Christiano and Pep O'Brien, ten-round draw.

27—Boston, Mass.:
Red Chapman beat Honest Boy Dick Finnigan, ten rounds.

27—Syracuse, N. Y.:
Bushy Graham beat Phil Verdi, ten rounds.
Frankie Kearns knocked out Pete Getman.
Harry Thorp knocked out Eddie Lockwood.

27—Scranton, Pa.:
Pete Latzo beat K. O. Phil Kaplan, twelve rounds.

28—Ridgewood Grove S. C., Brooklyn:
Sammy Bienfeld stopped Jack Ruskin, five rounds.
Jimmy Russo beat Davey Abad, six rounds.
Frankie Albano beat Marty Silvers, six rounds.
Joey Kaufmann beat Sammy Rollinson, six rounds.
Mike Satnick beat Al Freely, six rounds.
Artie Gregory knocked out Ernie Kline, two rounds.

28—Commonwealth S. C., New York:
Lee Anderson beat Dan O'Dowd, twelve rounds.
Al Brown knocked out Al Kaufmann, one round.
Joe Cavalier knocked out Panama Jimmy Brown, four rounds.
Al Ferrara beat Pete Marino, four rounds.

28—Fourteenth Reg. Armory, Brooklyn:
Johnny Esmus and Jack O'Neil, ten-round draw.
Willie Landers beat "Irish" Mickey Whalen, ten rounds.
Tony Darcy beat Buck Duane, six rounds.
Al Varyard stopped Eddie Enor, two rounds.
Bill Tosk defeated Billy Mastrain, four rounds.

30—Laurel A. C., Newark:
Al Gordon beat Benny Cross, ten rounds.
Harold Farese beat Spark Plug Russel, ten rounds.
Irish Fagan knocked out Willie Ferguson, two rounds.

30—Oakland A. A., Jersey City:
Billy Britton beat Charley Nashert, twelve rounds.
Frankie Smith beat Mickey Lewis, eight rounds.
Dodo Jackson knocked out Genaro Ganzaro, two rounds.

30—Bralls S. C., Freeport, L. I.:
Soldier Horace Jones knocked out Jack Douglas, two rounds.
Jimmy Ryan stopped Nick Laporuta, one round.
Lew Goldberg knocked out Joe McCullough, four rounds.
Jack Davis beat Sam Caparelli, four rounds.

30—Englewood:
Frankie Fassano beat Harry Gordon, ten rounds.
Harry Stamford knocked out Sailor Jones, four rounds.

30—Lynn, Mass.:
Eddie Shevlin beat Paul Doyle, twelve rounds.

30—Providence, R. I.:
Harry Martin stopped Frankie Coster, one round.
Emil Paluso knocked out Young Diaz, three rounds.
K. O. Jeakle beat Ted Merchant, twelve rounds.

30—Columbus, Ohio:
K. O. Jeakle beat Ted Merchant, twelve rounds.

30—Troy, N. Y.:
Jeff Smith knocked out George Robinson, ten rounds.
Paddy Ryan beat Jimmy Cox, ten rounds.

JULY

1—Henderson Bowl, Brooklyn:
Sid Terris beat Paul Fritsch, ten rounds.
Allentown Johnny Leonard beat Jack Hausner, ten rounds.
Corporal Izzy Schwartz and Frankie Ash, ten rounds.
Harry Felix won from Joe Kestner, six rounds.
Jack Rafferty outpointed Carrol Setti, four rounds.

2—West New York Playgrounds A. C., New Jersey:
Pancho Villa knocked out Henny Catena, five rounds.
Sammy Bienfeld and Joey Ross, eight-round draw.

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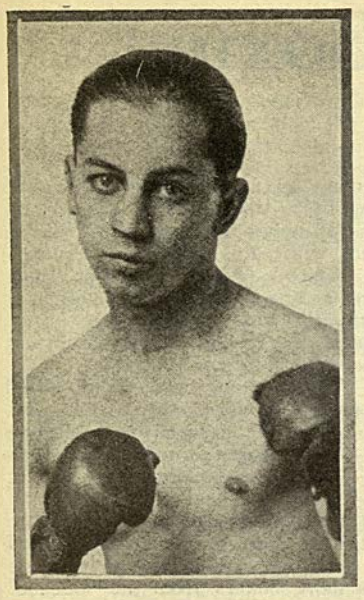
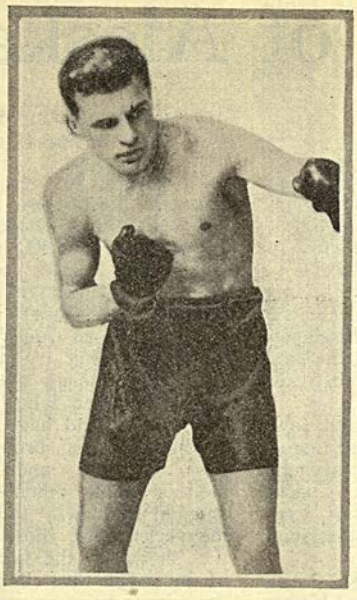
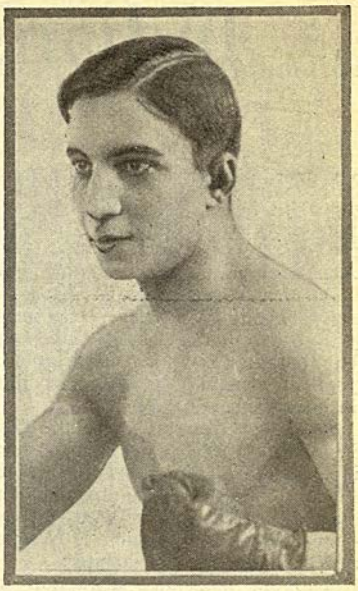


Connie Curry, Sioux City's star bantam, who is training at Mullen's and McGoorty's gym in Chicago

Joey O'Hara, Fort Dodge middleweight. He is touted by McGoorty and Mullen as a coming champion



Henry Leonard, Chicago southpaw bantam, who is in line for a bout with champion Abe Goldstein



Harold Smith, Chicago's sensational bantam, back after on illness of 10 months. He is on Goldstein's trail

Johnny Dundee Tells of His Hardest Fight

(*Continued from page* 19)

cut and pains in the body. But I turned defeat into victory by just bullying the Mexican when he had me nearly out. But I must admit he gave me the hardest, roughest and most bloody fight I was ever in.

"I got a little over $3,000 for beating Rivers, almost a fortune, considering that when I started out I received $2 for fighting a rough kid named Skinny Bob, and $5 when Johnny Warren put cauliflowers on my ears.

"I have fought men ten to fifteen pounds heavier than myself, battled Leonard a dozen times, and stood my ground against such terrific hitters as Charley White, Joe Shugrue, Joe Welling and a great many others, but it remained for Mr. Rivers to give me a pasting that I will never forget," concluded the hero of 500 battles fought in the space of thirteen years, the greatest piece of fighting machinery in modern times, a credit to fistiana.

Results of Boxing Bouts

(*Continued from page* 28)

2—Toledo, Ohio:
Toughey Magne beat Pete McCloskey, ten rounds.

2—Butte, Mont.:
Dixie Lahood knocked out Young Gene, one round.

2—Youngstown, Ohio:
Eddie Anderson beat Rosey Stoy, twelve rounds.
Patsy Gallagher beat Butch Carney, six rounds.

3—Steeplechase A. A., Rockaway Beach:
Harold Abbott beat Augie Ratner, twelve rounds.
Marty Summers outpointed Tommy Sarraco, eight rounds.

3—Baltimore, Md.:
Joe Dundee beat Pedro Camp, twelve rounds.

3—Halifax, Canada:
Eddie Shelvin beat Nedder Healy, twelve rounds.

3—London, Eng.:
Ted (Kid) Lewis beat Johnny Brown, twenty rounds.
George Cook beat Poalino Ezcudun, twenty rounds.

3—Escanaba, Mich.:
Bud Gorman knocked out Frankie Mox, three rounds.

4—Monticello, N. Y.:
Bill Tate knocked out Ray Bennett, one round.

4—Columbus, Ga.:
Red Herring knocked out Francis Alvarez, two rounds.

4—Hot Springs, Ark.:
Archie Walker knocked out Farmer Valzero, seven rounds.

4—Kingston, N. Y.:
Benny Tell beat Mickey Nelson, ten rounds.

5—Commonwealth S. C.:
Harry Cook beat Willie Herman, twelve rounds.
Allentown Johnny Leonard knocked out Wildman Gould, six rounds.
Ted Lewis outpointed Joe Vito, six rounds.
Willie Suess and Andy Tomasky, four-round draw.

JULY

3—Atlanta, Geo.:
Tigers Flowers wins on foul from Lee Anderson, eleventh round.
Tiny Roberts knocked out Jack Vogt, first round.
Irish Benny Cline knocked out Billy Van, two rounds.
Happy Hunter and Dangerous Dave Thornton, six-round draw.
Young Bob Martin and Larry O'Leary, four-round draw.

7—Queensboro Stadium, L. I.:
Paul Berlenbach knocked out Frankie Carpenter seven rounds.,
Tommy O'Brien beat Johnny Reisler, ten rounds.
Tommy McAleer beat Dave Rosenberg, ten rounds.
Henry Shaw stopped Tommy Wint, three rounds.

7—Columbus, Ohio:
Ted Moore beat Bryan Downey, twelve rounds.

7—Rochester, N. Y.:
Bushy Graham and Frankie Genero, ten-round draw.
Mike Dempsey beat Willie Harmon, ten rounds.

7—Troy, N. Y.:
Bud Dempsey and Mickey McAdams, twelve-round draw.

7—Oakland A. A., Jersey City, N. J.:
Phil Krug beat Vic McLaughlin, twelve rounds.
Murray Layton beat Bobby Burns, eight rounds.
Harry Gaba beat Joe Carlo, eight rounds.
Young Skinner knocked out Fred Maze, two rounds.

7—Bralls A. C., Freeport, L. I.:
Jimmy Russo beat Benny Schwartz, ten rounds.
Harry Duer stopped Frankie Engle, seven rounds.
Sammy Rollinson and Arnold Ryan, six round draw.
Charley Bianchi and Joe Terrantino, four-round draw.

7—Atlantic City, N. J.:
Tommy Farley stopped Packy O'Gatty, four rounds.

7—Rochester, N. Y.:
Davey Abad beat Kid Vick, twelve rounds.
Benny Valger beat Lefty Thomas, ten rounds.

7—Elizabeth, N. J.:
Georgia Ward stopped Gats Gagliano, three rounds.

AD WOLGAST'S BROTHER COMES TO THE FRONT

By E. W. DICKERSON

Ad Wolgast, who knocked out Lester Cook of Grand Rapids in the ninth round of a bout Thursday night in Petoskey, is far and away the best prospect the writer has seen make his debut in Michigan rings since the days when Ad Wolgast, the youngster's older brother, and Stanley Ketchell first started in the game in which they won national fame. Cook took the count of nine five times before his manager, L. Z. DeWitt, threw a towel in the ring as a token of defeat, Cook being helpless at the time.

The writer ventures the prediction that inside of three years, barring crippling accidents, Al Wolgast will either be the lightweight champion or numbered among the leaders of that weight division. He may meet with some reverses, as they all seem to when first starting out.

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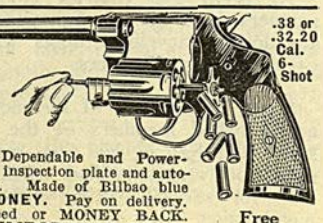

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Indians of Alaska Take to Boxing

By JOE WATERMAN
(*The Globe Trotter*)

FOLLOWING the example set by the natives of the Philippines in developing good boxers, including a world's champion in the person of Pancho Villa, the Indians of Alaska are also fast becoming fight bugs.

All the larger cities of Alaska hold boxing shows monthly, in some places more often. As yet, no good native boxers have been developed, but the game is still in its infancy and the next year or two may uncover a coming champion in one of the divisions.

Ketchikan appears to be the best fight town in Alaska right now. The American Legion is promoting the shows, with the energetic "Doc" Walker as matchmaker. Charlie Brown, well-known referee, formerly of Vancouver and Los Angeles, is Walker's assistant and also acts as ring arbiter.

The big box-office attraction in Ketchikan is Joe Manila, a tough, aggressive, hard-hitting Filipino middleweight. Manila is recognized as middleweight champion of Alaska, but his opposition has been of the very mediocre sort. His nearest rival is Joe Colyer, an Indian younster who held Manila to a great ten-round draw recently. Purses for the boxers vary greatly here, Manila having received as much as $580 for one battle, good money for a boxer of his ability.

I witnessed a show at Juneau on June 21, which drew a $1,400 house, and gave me some idea of the Alaska Indian as a ringster. The feature bout brought together two American light-heavies, Butler of the Army, and Sinclair Brown of Juneau. Neither man showed much form, but it was an interesting tilt and was called a draw after eight rounds. Brown is a youngster who battles in the southpaw style and should have received the decision.

The semi-final brought together two Indian boys, Durkee and Brady, middleweights. Neither knew much about boxing, but they slugged their way to a six-round draw. The inexperience of those in charge of the show was shown by the fact that this draw decision of the judges was changed and Durkee declared the winner because some of the audience hooted at the first verdict. In my opinion, Brady won four of the rounds. He scored two knockdowns.

The crudeness of these native battlers was laughable. They waved their arms high and low. They danced and leaped, making grotesque faces at each other. But they were game.

The redeeming feature of the show was the battle put up by a young Indian boy, Albert Orson. This 18-year-old son of the Thlinket tribe clashed with an experienced Filipino lightweight, "Chico" Reyes, and after being floored twice in the initial round, unleashed an attack of such fury and savagery in the following stanza that Reyes was stretched out on the canvas taking the full count.

Orson is a high-school boy, an all-'round athlete who prefers boxing to any of the other sports. He expects to make a trip to Seattle and Tacoma this coming fall and try his mitts amongst the experienced boxers of the Pacific Northwest.

Boxing is also on the boom in the more northerly cities of Cordova, Anchorage and all through the territory. What the game needs in Alaska is more boxers from the "outside" who can teach the natives some of the finer points.

The material is there. The Indians like boxing, as is attested by the fact that fully 60 per cent of those in attendance are natives, including many women. With proper training, tuition and promotion, a champion may yet come out of the North.

Minute Rests Between Rounds

By EDDIE BORDEN

THE outdoor boxing campaign got off to a miserable start, but it's dollars to doughnuts it will wind up in a blaze of glory. Both Tex Rickard and Jimmy Johnston, America's premier promoters, will stage international contests, and it is safe to predict they will gather in thousands of shekels. Rickard will put on Harry Wills and Luis Firpo at his bowl in Jersey City next month. Johnston, who holds the upper hand at this writing, started the ball a-rolling July 24 when he showed Georges Carpentier with Gene Tunney, at the Polo Grounds. His next "natural" is the welterweight titular battle between Benny Leonard and Mickey Walker.

Greater New York clubs haven't made a thin dime thus far. The weather, of course, has been their greatest drawback. Besides, they haven't put on bang-up cards, the kind of fights the fans will trek miles to see. The Queensboro has suffered the most. Hard luck has pursued Si Flaherty ever since he built the new arena. He expects to recoup his losses before the summer is out. The Nostrand has just been holding its own, but the Velodrome, at 225th Street and Broadway, hasn't made a nickel. The smaller clubs just can't get going.

Sid Terris continues to raise havoc with Gotham feathers and junior lights. He showed a sparkling performance against Al Shubert and a few nights later battered Paul Fritsch, the French lightweight, all over the Nostrand ring. He has gone on a short vacation.

Izzy the Painter predicts Georgie Ward will succeed Mickey Walker as welter king. Izzy is Sam Golden's right-hand man, and attends to every want of the Elizabeth, N. J., scrapper. In days gone by Izzy was a big shot on Broadway. He used to drive a hansom, wore diamonds, and spent most of his nights in lobster palaces. Times have changed—at least for big Isidore.

Much controversy has arisen relative to the two no-decision contests engaged in by Joey Silvers, the lanky Brooklynite, and Ernie Izzard, claimant to the featherweight championship of England, staged at Jersey City recently.

Silvers was credited with winning both battles. Most of the reporters gave him the verdict, yet Harry Levene, who is managing Izzard's affairs, is considerably peeved as he declares that he was beaten to the wire by Nat Rogers, who is Silvers' mentor. Levene sent out a story to several of the New York papers of the unfair deal he received at the hands of Rogers. He asserted Izzard won both battles. But Levene in his story evidently fails to support his claim with newspaper clippings, as all these show Silvers the victor.

Izzard is a good battler. In his first try against Silvers he was dropped twice in the second round but staged a remarkable comeback and almost evened matters. In their second go, Silvers scored one knockdown and won handily.

Jackie Feldman, prominent flyweight, who has fought from Pancho Villa down to mediocre opponents, wishes it announced that he has severed all connections with Lew Diamond, and in the future will guide his own affairs. Diamond is handling Johnny Buff, Ray Neuman and Jabez White.

Larry Estridge, "the Black Stanley Ketchell," is now an established figure in the middleweight class. His past few fights place him in a conspicuous spot for a crack at Harry Greb for the middle crown. Larry in his bout with "Panama" Joe Gans, revealed amazing improvement. The veteran Jack Dougherty, who brought him out from the amateur ranks, anticipates a roseate future.

Al Weill and Charley Goldman, who are partners in a group of healthy mitt-wielders, are doing marvelous things with their bunch of mediocre performers.

Silvey Burns, one of the most versatile and accomplished members of the boxing profession, who has in his time managed fighters, some good and some bad, officiated as publicity man for several boxing clubs, and acted as matchmaker for various boxing arenas, has struck a proper location for a boxing club that is bound to yield a good financial return.

Situated opposite the 42nd Street ferry is the little town known as West New York, N. J., and it is here that Silvey has located for the summer.

Silvey, experimenting with his first show, "Irish" Johnny Curtin opposed to Charley Ledoux, bantamweight champion of France, paved the way for a prosperous summer by drawing a house that contained a little over $6,500. His next show exhibited "Punching Pancho Villa," the dashing Filipino, drawing Henny Catens of Greenwich Village as his opponent. In spite of threatening and uncertain atmosphere, they again passed over the $6,200 mark.

Conditions in New York are not very encouraging for the summer and it looks as if there will be no improvement. Burns in shifting his activities to the Jersey side has set an excellent example that may soon be followed by others.

Johnny Vestri, crackerjack bantamweight from Brooklyn, who is unfortunate enough to be a southpaw, is a little downhearted over the fact that he cannot secure any of the other bantams around town to mingle with him. Having beaten all possible opposition, Johnny is anxious to mingle with the select crew. Phil Bernstein, who manages Frankie Genaro, America's flyweight champion, is now guiding Johnny's destiny and promises to shoot him to the top.

Joe Dorando, Jersey featherweight, managed by Jimmy Marsh, is seeking new worlds to conquer. He intends to invade New York for further advancement. Joey is a natural two-fisted puncher. Combined with his own aggressive style, he will make trouble for anyone in his path.

Joe Glick, Brooklyn featherweight, who left these shores for the mid-west, is doing fine work. He beat Frankie Schaeffer and Frankie Garcia in his first two starts. Glick, just reaching his majority, proved such a menace to our top-notch feathers that he was forced to leave town for further work.

Joey Kaufman, the Coney Island Flash, who recently returned from Chicago, continues to chalk up victories. Joey in his last two starts won over Willie Duffy and Sammy Rollinson.

Floyd Niederreiter, younger brother of Andy, who is the matchmaker for the Ridgewood Grove Sporting Club, has been given the opportunity of following in his brother's footsteps. Floyd has been engaged to officiate as the assistant matchmaker at the Rink Sporting Club of Brooklyn for this coming winter.

Bill Sullivan, competent secretary of the National Sports Alliance, felt the cares of work hanging heavily over his head and spent a week's vacation at Pancho Villa's training camp in the wilds of Jersey.

Tom Goodwin, Boston promoter, is a hot enthusiast over the fighting prowess of Jack Sharkey, the young Boston heavyweight, who came into the spotlight through a victory over Floyd Johnson. Tom was never credited with picking any bloomers and he is sure that he hasn't selected one now.

Davey Abad, flyweight champion of Panama, who was brought to this country by Eddie Roberts, is fast developing into a regular attraction around the local clubs. Davey possesses the fortunate faculty of pleasing the crowd and is always sure of a return engagement.

Corporal Izzy Schwartz, the fighting mite from the East Side, certainly surprised the "wiseacres" by his showing against Frankie Ash, the Englishman, at the Nostrand A. C. a few weeks ago. It was predicted before the fight that Ash would annihilate the "fighting corporal," but before the battle was over the spectators and Ash received an unpleasant and unexpected surprise. Schwartz was there at the finish and there strong. The bout was called a draw, which was a gross injustice to Schwartz who had clearly won the fight. Ash does not measure up to the American top-notch flyweights.

Sammy Bienfeld will get a severe test when he tackles Emil Paluso at Hartford, Conn., on July 28. Bienfeld has previously beaten Paluso, but the latter has improved immensely within the last six months and is being primed for a crack at Villa's flyweight crown. Lew Paluso, Emil's brother, faces Bobby Garcia in another ten-rounder on the same card.

Harold Abbott of Rockaway Beach, who gave Paul Berlenbach plenty of trouble before he was put away, furnished another upset when he defeated Angie Ratner last week. Abbott has had limited experience in the squared circle and with a few more bouts under his belt will prove to be a menace to our leading middleweights.

Lew Perfetti, the classy undefeated flyweight from Long Island City, who appears to be suffering from some strange malady, judging by the way his rivals are avoiding him, and John O'Brien, the Beau Brummell of the Bronx, will leave for the Pacific Coast in two weeks. It is believed that Lew's fame has not reached that far and that he will have less difficulty in getting matches.

NEW JERSEY BOXING NEWS

By LEW DIAMOND

Irish Johnny Curtin, the fistic pride of Jersey City, is gunning after Champion Abe Goldstein. Curtin has been offered a half dozen matches by promoters all over the country to meet Goldstein, but somehow Goldstein wants no part of his most worthy rival. Curtin has been fighting in remarkable fashion recently by defeating Charlie Ladoux and his sensational knockout of Herbie Schaefer, the best that the Middle West has produced in years.

Packy O'Gatty, one of the contenders for the bantamweight title, after an absence from the squared circle of over a year, has decided to re-enter the ring and has signed up with Lew Diamond.

Fred Mays, light-heavyweight, who has been fighting around the Newark clubs, has been in active training for a strenuous campaign which his manager has booked him for. His first bout was with Young Skinner at the Oakland A. A. on July 14.

Mack Greenberg, who handles the affairs of Smiling Patsy O'Brien, has booked his protege for three bouts out of town. Greenberg also handles Moxie Zimmerman, a classy flyweight, who has been fighting in great form of late. O'Brien will leave soon for the West, where he meets Willie Quinn in a ten-round bout.

Harold Farese, Newark's leading contender for the bantamweight crown, has made a successful comeback. In his last two starts he defeated both of his men. His latest victim was Spark Plug Russell of Newark.

Do-Do Jackson, the little colored demon, has been fighting in great form. He will soon be a terror among the leading contenders for the flyweight crown. Do-do has developed a right-hand kick and has knocked out his last three opponents.

Billy Britton, Columbus, Kansas, middleweight, is the latest boy to invade the Jersey shore. He has made good in his first two starts here. Billy kayoed Andy "Kid" Palmer in the first round and defeated Charlie Nashert in twelve rounds. Britton is a good, tough, hard-punching middleweight and is action from gong to gong.

Johnny Buff, former bantamweight and flyweight champion, has retired from the squared circle. Johnny, who had won eight out of ten bouts since the first of the year, fought his last bout at New Orleans with Kid Carlin. Buff suffered an injury to his eye in the eighth round and his manager threw the towel in to save the ex-champ. from any chance of becoming blind. Carlin deserves credit due him in beating Buff. Carlin is the makings of the next flyweight champion.

Petey Mack, favorite in Jersey, has shown marked improvement in his ring work within the last year. He will be ready for the top-notchers before another year comes around.

Jackie Feldman of Jersey City is now making his own matches. He has severed connections with Lew Diamond.

Billy Kennedy of New Orleans has grown to be a big card with the Jerseyites. He beat Mickey Taylor and Steve Smith in his two starts.

Kid Washington, colored lightweight contender from Chicago, claims that Sailor Friedman recently refused an offer of $5,000 to meet him. Washington is open to meet anyone in the world at his weight, including Leonard.

Mickey Taylor, who is forced to fight under his own name, Mickey Romano, in New York State, is still meeting all comers. Mickey occasionally fights in New York and never fails to please.

Jack De Mave, the blonde-haired warrior, is getting ready for a crack at Paul Berlenbach. Since Jack Delaney tumbled over the "man-killer" everyone is keen on getting a crack at Dan Hickey's protege.

Kid Sullivan, New Champion, in Ring Thirteen Years

KID SULLIVAN, who dethroned Johnny Dundee for the junior lightweight championship last month, like Dundee, is an Italian and a veteran. He started about the same time as did Dundee, but has not been fighting as many years because for three years he served in the Aviation Corps of the Navy at Gulfport, Miss. Sullivan's family name is Stephen John Tricane and he was born in Brooklyn May 21, 1897. He has been a resident of that borough since. He has been engaged in the boxing game for thirteen years.

Sullivan, always an aggressive battler, began his career as a bantamweight and polished off several promising lads. He outgrew the bantam division about four years ago and entered the featherweight class and later the junior lightweight division. As a featherweight he halted the rise of Babe Herman, Jack Dempsey's Coast protege, by knocking out Herman. He did likewise to Sammy Seiger, who for a time was travelling like a house afire and was being touted as a possible successor to Johnny Kilbane. Vincent Pepper Martin was a third victim whose lights were dimmed by the new champion.

In the days of the Frawley Law he was one of the best drawing cards in Brooklyn. Almost all of his battles were staged in that borough prior to the passage of the present bill.

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TRENTON PICKUPS

By EDDIE MCFARLAND

After a long rest, Tommy Kid Murphy, this city's crack little battler, has resumed operations. He intends to force his way into the limelight again with the object of attaining, if possible, a battle with the topnotcher in the featherweight division.

Mickey Mooney, Trenton's Fighting Harp, scored an easy victory here in the final show of the season. He beat Willey Battle in a splendidly fought contest.

Tommy West, Trenton's Cave Man, ran his total of knockouts up to nine straight when he stopped Tiger Nelson, hard hitting Dane from Perth Amboy, in three rounds.

News has reached this city that Billy Maloney, Pittsburgh bantam, has gone blind. Maloney was well liked here and the fans in all probability will get up a benefit for him. Maloney is just one more of the poor fellows who must suffer as a result of negligence on the part of the third man in the ring, a dirty glove being responsible for his predicament.

Willey Wiggins, local lightweight, beat Benny Cross in an eight-round bout at the Ocean View A. C. recently.

Nick Fisher and Coo Coo Ross of this city, who are conducting a pool room here, have plenty of worry each month after the arrival of THE RING. Each tries to have the honor of buying the first copy and in their wild rush last month, both had their derbies smashed. They have agreed to toss a coin when this issue arrives and thereby save their new straw hats.

THE RING is the most popular boxing magazine sold here and many fans would rather go without their dinner than without THE RING.

CHICAGO BOXING NEWS

By ART WINCH

Harold Smith, Chicago's most promising bantamweight contender, has started light training again after a layoff of eight months owing to an injury to his knee. Local fight fans are glad to hear that Smith is able to box again, for they feel that Chicago will have a champion in Smith. Up to the time Smith injured his knee in his bout with Danny Lee ni Madison Square Garden last October, all the leading sport writers in the country were predicting that Harold would be the next bantamweight champion.

Manager Buck Montgomery has several bouts lined up for Smith, which may lead him into a match with Abe Goldstein, bantamweight champion. Montgomery has secured the services of Art Winch to train Smith. Smith has defeated the leading bantamweights in the country.

Joe Glick, New York Junior lightweight, who is managed here by Tommy Walsh and Nat Lewis, made a big name for himself by beating two of the best boys in Chicago last month. He defeated Frankie Schalffer and Frankie Gracia in Aurora, and the fans now want to see Glick in action with Sammy Mandell or Johnny Dundee. Joe showed the fans one of the fastest left hands that ever a boy showed here. Glick can punch with either hand. Promoter Jim Mullen will use him with some local boy some time this month.

George Butch, St. Louis featherweight, is back again after a layoff of four months. He boxed Eddie Anderson in Aurora, Ill., and Anderson just shaded Butch. They are rematched for ten rounds. Butch is a very pleasing fighter to watch, as he is always trying his hardest. He is on the go every second. Butch has boxed such well known boys as Ernie Goozsman, Sammy Mandell, Johnny Curtin, Joe Burman, Frankie Schalffer and others.

Ray Miller, Rock Island featherweight who recently returned from Milwaukee, where he engaged in fifteen fights, winning all of them and scoring seven knockouts, placed himself under the management of Babe Mallaney, who also has George Butch, Sully Montgomery and Lister Martin. Miller, in his first start under Mallaney in Aurora last month, knocked out Solly Kessler, of St. Louis, in two rounds. Miller dropped Kessler in the first round and the bell saved him from a knockout. Miller has the makings of a good boy.

Promoters at Cleveland are dickering with Eddie Long, manager of Sammy Mandell, for the Rockford lightweight to box either Rocky Kansas or Pal Moran ten rounds to a decision. Mandell is doing some light training in Rockford. Mandell's last fight was with Johnny Dundee at East Chicago last month. Mandell won easily. Sammy won every round and if he didn't hurt his left hand he might have stopped Dundee.

Bud Taylor, who dislocated his right shoulder in the sixth round of his ten-round tussle with Al Ziemer, of Cleveland, last month, returned here and had to put his shoulder in a cast for two weeks. It will be several weeks before the little fellow will be able to resume training. The accident caused him to cancel his ten-rounder with Joe Burman at East Chicago on July 3. Jim Mullen, Aurora promoter, will use Bud Taylor with Pete Sarmiento just as soon as Buy Taylor's shoulder is well again. This fight will draw the biggest house of the summer as both boys have big followers here.

Jimmy Gory, the pleasing 147-pounder of the West Side, who boxed Tiger Johnny Cline to a six-round draw in Aurora last month, wants a return bout with him for ten rounds. Gory claims that in a longer bout he will do better as it takes him four rounds to get started. Gory and Cline put up one of the most sensational fights seen around here and the fans will go for another fight between these two welterweights. Gory wants to meet Dave Shade or any other leading welterweight and he feels that the better the boys are the better he fights.

Ernie Goozeman, California featherweight, defeated Charley Ledoux, the French and European featherweight champion, recently. Goozeman is getting back to form. He has offers from Cincinnati, Omaha, Milwaukee and New York. Manager Larney Lichtenstein will not close anything definite until next month, for he feels that Ernie needs a little rest.

The official gate receipts of the Johnny Curtin and Pete Sarmiento ten-rounder at Aurora, Ill., on June 27 were $11,324. This fight was the most sensational ever held in Aurora. Both boys fought all the way and the referee did not have to break them for the whole ten rounds. All the newspaper men at the ringside gave Sarmiento the shade. Curtin recently stopped Herbie Schaefer in six rounds at Aurora, the first time that the local boy was knocked out.

Joe O'Hara, Fort Dodge, Ia., middleweight, is training every day at the Mullen-McGoorty gym in hopes that someone will come out and meet him. His manager, Jack O'Keefe, is having a hard time getting any middleweight to fight O'Hara. Jim Mullen, local promoter, has wired many managers, but they do not seem to care for O'Hara's wallops, they all know that O'Hara is a tough boy to beat. Promoter Mullen is now trying to sign O'Hara with Young Stribling for next month in Aurora.

Charlie Glaser, local featherweight, arrived home from California, where he won every one of his five fights. According to Manager Frank Clark, Frankie Garcia and Eddie Anderson had been offered bouts with Glaser on the Coast and refused to accept. Glaser returned with the intention of forcing this pair to meet him. In his last bout on the Coast, Glaser scored a knockout win over Billy Young.

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COLORADO NOTES

By SAM BUXBAUM

Bob Hurst, light heavyweight boxer of Denver, is a fast coming youngster and surely will be heard of in the near future. He is a fast, clever boxer as well as a hard hitter. He may be seen in the East this coming fall and winter.

The new Business Men's Gym in Denver is enjoying a nice play from boxers that are conditioning themselves for bouts in and around Denver.

Boxers and their managers who are figuring on visiting the mile high city are invited to make their headquarters at the gym, which is being managed by the writer.

Bud Hamilton, the fast coming featherweight, will be back in ring togs in the very near future. His right hand, which was smashed while touring the Pacific Coast last October, is just getting right again. His services are in great demand, as the promoters realize he gives the fans a run for their money any time he starts.

Frank Herrera is a clever welterweight who would make any of the first flight boys step some to beat him. Frank has never had the right chance, although he boxed some good boys, including Cowboy Padgett, Tommy Commiskey, Danny Burns, Johnnny Stopper and many others.

With the Elks Club running about two shows a month and the Business Men's Club running weekly, the Denver fans are getting their fill of the boxing game. Although the most the bouts can go are four rounds, the fans see plenty of action. A rumor is about that another club will enter the field in the near future.

Bobby Myfield is a hard hitting 150-pound boy that has a hard time getting bouts. It seems that none around the mountain region cares for his game.

Although Jack Doyle is not a champion, or claims to be one, he keeps as busy as he cares to be. The fans like Jack's willing style and he is a great repeat card, win or lose. Doyle has put up some great bouts with Joe Gorman, Mike Dundee, Dick Griffin, Mike Ertle and other topnotch boys.

Jack Silver, the fast coast lightweight, possed through Denver on his way East recently. We saw Silver in action several times and predict he will make good in Eastern rings, as he can hold his own with some of the best. He is being accompanied by his manager, Charley Hutchinson, who brought Silver to the front.

A clever youngster who some day may be showing in big time clubs is Pee Wee Jensen, 112-pound boy of Denver. Pee Wee is a fast kid but needs some real experience.

FISTIC GOSSIP FROM ATLANTA, GA.

By COLEMAN McGRILL

Walk Miller, manager of "Tiger" Flowers, has finally accomplished his one ambition. He informed the writer that he has closed a match for his "black speed merchant" to box Harry Greb, middleweight champion. The bout is to be held in the month of August and the place somewhere in Ohio, and is to be a no decision affair. Flowers is a legitimate 160-pounder and should make the world's champion step his prettiest. Flowers will keep Greb pretty busy.

Lew Silver, local dental student, after a layoff for six months, finally got started again. Silver is one of the most popular little fellows in the Southern ring to-day and a great audience pleaser. Local promoters are after some big leaguer to face the hard-socking featherweight.

Larry Avera, junior welter champion of the South, is keeping himself pretty busy. Larry defeated Sailor Martin in Pensacola, Fla., June 23, then journeyed to Tampa, Fla., four days later, and gave Charles Pitts a boxing lesson.

Avera has practically run out of opponents around these parts. Local promoters are making an effort to secure Pinkie Mitchel to meet the clever Irishman. It is the writer's prediction that should a Mitchel-Avera match materialize that the local lad should win, due to the fact that Avera is one of the cleverest boxers in the game and is gifted with wonderful stamina.

Tim O'Dowd, local bantamweight, and his manager, Jim Mayson, have parted company. O'Dowd is now being handled by Albert Gossett, and Gossett is keeping the clever youngster pretty busy. O'Dowd should be heard of this coming winter.

The local post of the American Legion will again start promoting boxing. Captain Bill Kalisky, who has a big acquaintance with Eastern managers and boxers, is to be their matchmaker, according to the dope. The initial bout will be staged on Labor Day and will feature some top notch main bout. Stribling against Jeff Smith or Slattery, Lew Silver against either Dundee or Mandel is the matches Kalisky is anxious to land.

Juan Casala, the Cuban lightweight, seems to have found his stride again. The Cuban lightweight has been a consistent winner for the past few months. Luis F. Parga, who handles the affairs of Casala, as well as the sterling little bantamweight, Antonio Valdes, is keeping his stable of battlers busy.

Parga, who, besides handling several fighters, is also the leading boxing promoter in Havana, Cuba. He is associated in conducting the boxing game with Caicoya, and the firm of Parga-Caicoya is keeping considerable interest in the game in the island.

Recently several of the local colony of boxers has shown in Havana, and the boys are well pleased with the treatment accorded them at the hands of the promoters, Boxing Commission and the fight fans there.

Billy Brown is the name of the sensational welterweight developed in the South who promises to make his mark in the pugilistic world. Brown, who graduated from the preliminary ranks around Memphis, Tenn., is a native of that city. While only nineteen years of age, he is a finished fighter in every respect and needs but a little more experience to hold his own with the best in his class, and that includes the champion Mickey Walker.

Leon Oppenheimer, of Memphis, is responsible for bringing out Billy Brown. He was just a rank preliminary kid when Oppenheimer discovered that the lad had the makings of a great fighter. Brown has battled the best of the welterweights in the South, including Tommy Freeman, who recently gave Pinkey Mitchell a sound lacing at New Orleans. Brown is now on a tour that will eventually land him in New York.

FROM THE SOUTHWEST

By DON CEE

Boxing in the Southwest has taken its usual hot summer months slump, due to several reasons, mainly, that everyone who can afford it takes a vacation to some cool spot around either Lake Medina, the famous summer resort of Texas, or else they take off to the mountains in Northwest Texas.

San Antonio promoters manage to put over two or more well patronized boxing shows per month. There is always a steady trend of transients through the Alamo City, besides the thousands of soldier fight fans encamped about San Antonio who will back any of their buddies who happen to be booked on any of the fight cards.

The best drawing sards among the soldier fighters around San Antonio are Rabbit Palmer, featherweight; Johnny Merino, bantam; Army Kid Jack, middleweight; Jack Avelone, middleweight; Johnny Simpson, lightweight, and Frankie Mason, lightweight. Palmer is the star of the lot and has fought many nationally known stars. Rabbit numbers "Young" Stribbling among his best fights. Palmer fought Stribbling when Stribb was a lightweight around Atlanta, Ga.

Mike Vasquez, the fiery little Indian featherweight boxer of El Paso, was reported stabbed to death by a bull fighter in Mexico City, Mexico, the second week in June.

Jack Shelton, who promotes through the cooler months in San Antonio, has forsaken his winter indoor arena for the mountains and streams, and is spending the hot days out in the open. Shelton recently returned from Sioux City, Ia., where he carried Kid Pancho of San Antonio to take part in a third bout against "News Boy" Brown of that city. Pancho had previously fought Brown twice, losing one and just about earned a draw in the second, but Browny repeated his first win by outpointing the Spanish boy.

It was anybody's fight up until the seventh round. The News Boy floored the Texas boy three times, which, according to the Sioux City papers, was enough to give the fight to Brown.

Kid Pancho of San Antonio, Tex., is not just a kid who has been fighting around Texas for the past year or so and picked up the name of Pancho because the flyweight champ happens to be named Pancho. Nothing of the kind, for Kid Pancho of Texas, carries his own name, Kid (Flores) Pancho, and he has fought many of the leading bantams of the nation.

Bert Brannon, the tough little Texas junior lightweight, will soon be back from his camping trip and ready for all comers. Brannon is a pleasing fighter and always produces. In his last fight against Johnny Merino of Ft. Sam Houston, Tex., Brannon cracked his right hand, rendering his mauler unfit. Therefore he wisely packed up a camping outfit in his fast roadster and took air for the mountains.

Many of the boxers in the Southwest are noted as good fishermen and huntsmen. Bobby Greene of San Antonio caught a thirty-five-pound catfish in the Medena River, twenty-five miles distant from the Alamo City.

San Antonio, Texas, promoters are very unfortunate in that they often must send clear across the continent for boxers whom the Alamo fans want to see in action, as for instance, San Antonio's summer promoter sent all the way to St. Paul for Johnny Tillman, who opposed Bobby Greene on June 30.

Last winter Jack Shelton sent all the way to New York City for Frankie Rosner and to Pittsburgh, Pa., for Toney Norman to oppose Kid Pancho. Such big transportation jumps are not easy on the promoters' pocketbooks.

Tiger Flowers, the ebony star performer of the hustling, congenial Walk Miller of Atlanta, Ga., will outdraw Stribling in any Texas boxing center by two times and a half. Every boxing city in Texas wants Tiger Flowers because he is a fighter and the fans know he will fight, no matter who he is up against.

Before the good breaks started enhancing the young Stribling's fortunes, "Pa" Stribling would have ben more than glad to snap up a $500 offer for a short no-decision fight. Now Pa ridicules such offer made him recently by a local promoter.

Good luck to Young Stribling always, and to keep enjoying good luck it is the advice of all Southwestern fans for him to keep out of mixed matches, especially with his home state rival, Theo "Tiger" Flowers, because should he mix with the black tornado, good-by Lady Luck.

Don Curley, San Antonio sportsman and manager of several good boxers, had a tough break. He had just returned from a trip through Mexico and had made arrangements to go on a fishing trip, when, unfortunately, in stepping out of an automobile onto a loose stone he sprained an ankle that had recently been broken and was just beginning to become strong again.

Curley claims it was not bad moonshine that made him misstep, but it was bad moonlight that kept him from seeing where he placed his foot. Curley states he is able to carry on his business by phone, telegraph and mail, but regrets that he was cheated out of his camping and fishing trip.

American boxers who were campaigning through Mexico have about all returned to the States.

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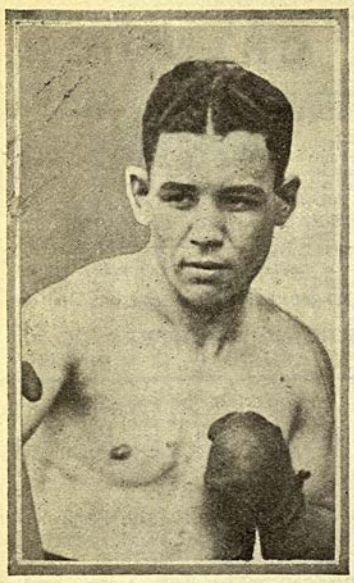
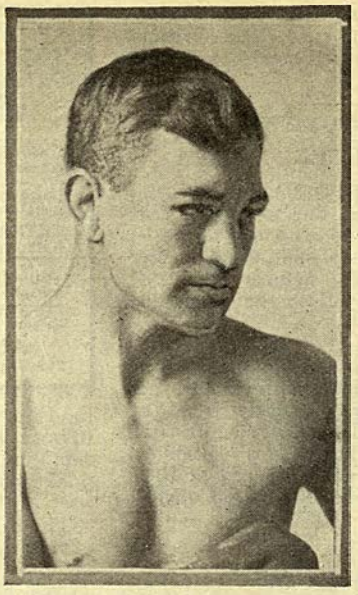
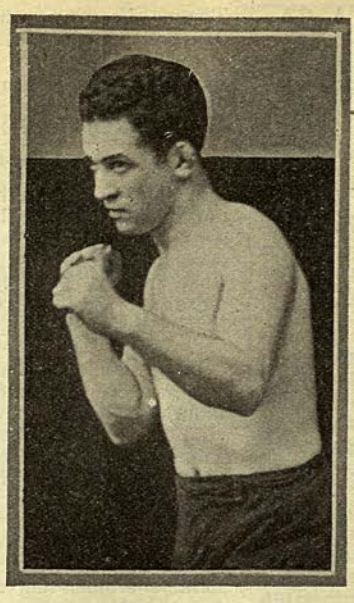


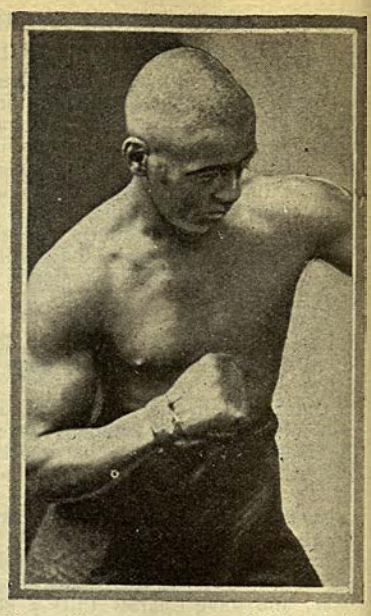
Charley Rodriguez, New Orleans star featherweight, formerly Southern A. A. U. bantam champion



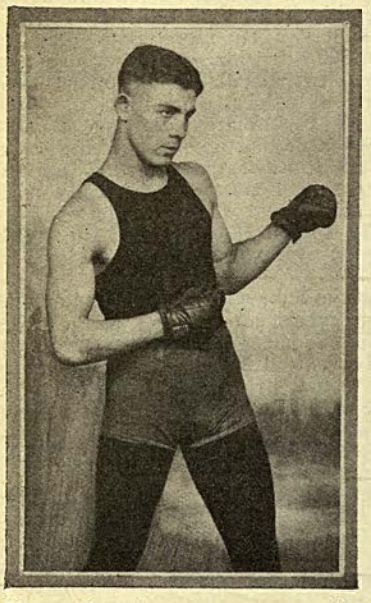
Warnie Smith, Oklahma waiter, who is in line for a crack at Micky Walker's title



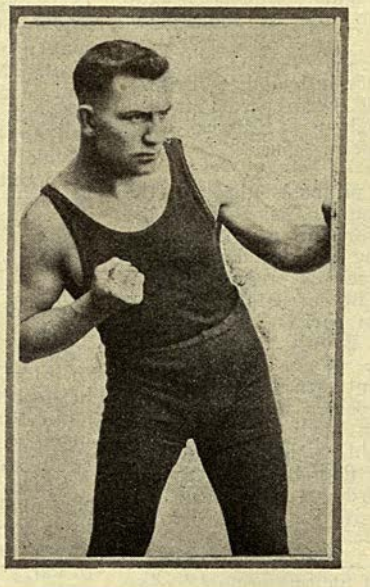
Sammy Hewitt, a crack 140-pound Philadelphian who is doing fine work



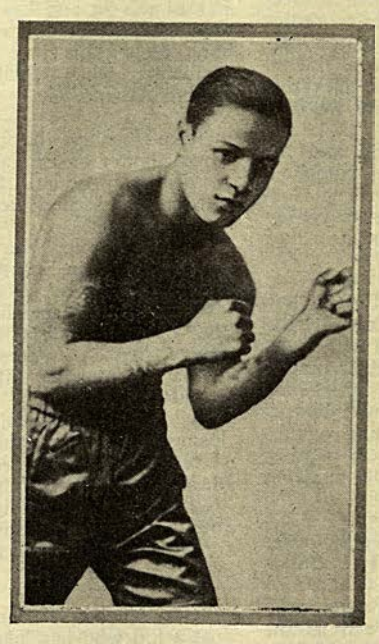
Jerry Hayes, a negro middleweight from Philadelphia managed by Anthony Corrado. He is a comer



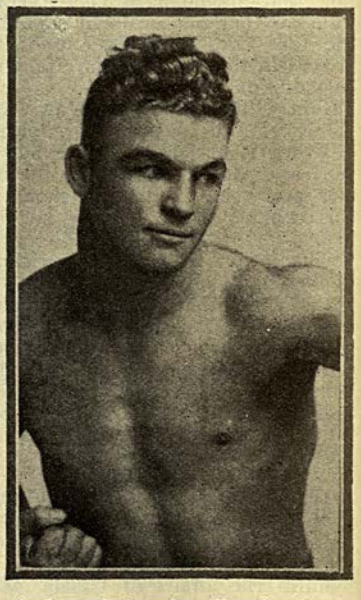
Harry Fay, former amateur middleweight, who gained a verdict over Berlenbach



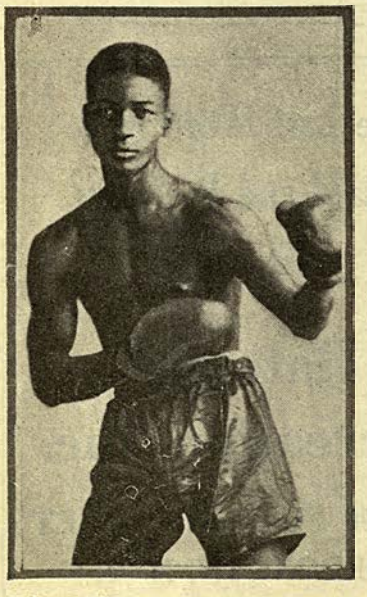
Soldier Jones, crack Toronto light heavyweight who has a splendid record



Johnny Vestri, Brooklyn southpaw, who encounters a great deal of trouble in securing matches.

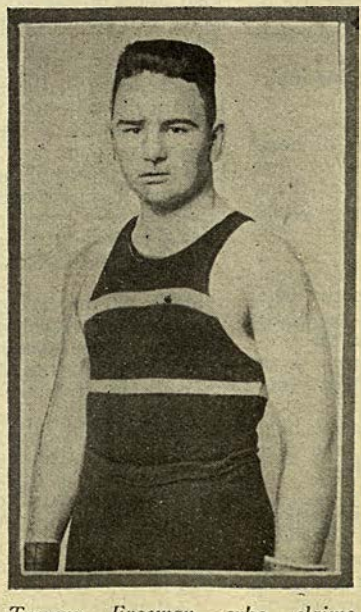


Andrew Schmader, Omaha heavyweight, who was beaten in first appearance in New York

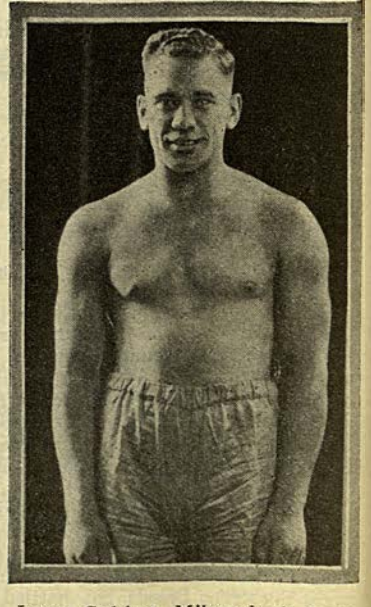


Frisco Kid, a negro welterweight from Youngstown, Ohio

Eddie Kenna, crack new Orleans bantam who beat Joe Lynch



Tommy Freeman, who claims Southern welterweight title



Larry Subject, Milwaukee's promising light heavyweight

NEWS FROM THE NORTHWEST

By JOE MAZUROSKY

Benny Dotson, Portland's young featherweight, is going great. He is only nineteen years old and has had 24 fights. He lost only one decision and that to Frankie Britt of Seattle, who outweighed Benny by 10 pounds.

Harry Soo gave Joe Levy a terrific lacing on June 11. Joe was a 2 to 1 favorite. Levy never could get set during the entire bout.

Eddie Richards, middleweight, who has been knocking them around these parts of the woods, is aching for a match with Paul Berlenbach in the Armory at Portland. Richards won from Battling Ortega, the California Mexican champion two years ago.

King David, the 18-year-old bearded newsboy, who has won 17 fights in a row down at Los Angeles, is headed toward Portland. He is said to be a queer looking creature in his fighting pose. When out of matches for fights he sells papers.

Billy Mascot, who, about four years ago gave Pal Moore a terrific lacing at Portland, is back in the game. Just four months ago he beat Danny Edwards, the colored champion of the world. Billy fought on June 5 at Vancouver B. C. with Teddy Seidman the New York bantamweight. Back East Billy was stopped by Danny Lee of New York.

Cracker Warren, the Oregon City battler, is coming along well. He has had fifteen fights and in the near future he will be seen in action in the east. His manager, Ed. Martin, will take him to Los Angeles next month prior to traveling eastward.

Mathew Mazurosky, who is the brother of "Babe" Mazurosky, will be seen in action in the Armory at Portland soon. He won the amateur championship of the Pacific Northwest and may soon turn pro.

Joe Gorman, former Pacific Coast featherweight champ, is back in Portland. Just a week ago he gave Bud Ridley a hard tussle to a draw. Joe has a line of matches in New York. Tex Rickard recently offered him fights in the Madison Square Garden.

Valley Trambitas, who has been away from Portland for some time, is back in his home town. About two months age he was stopped by Paul Berlenbach in the fifth round. Trambitas was never stopped in all his boxing career prior to that. Trambitas owns a health farm in Oregon City.

Earl R. Goodwyn, former announcer of the Portland Boxing Commission, is to see the Olympic Games. Earl is sports editor of the Oregon Journal and will have plenty of good stories to tell when he arrives home in Portland.

Puggy Morton, who has been fighting lately in the East, has arrived in Portland. Four years ago, while boxing around the coast, he won most of his battles in short order. He is aching for a bout with Bobby Harper, Seattle champion welterweight boxer. Harper recently gave Joe Benjamin a terrific lacing.

Joe Waterman, the man of the world, who piloted Bud Ridley all over the Orient, is a great booster of boxing. Joe revived the sport in the Northwest where he is a big figure in sports. Bud Ridley, his boy, is traveling like a house afire. He again has hit his stride. Both Bud and Joe are great boosters of THE RING.

SEEN AND HEARD IN MEXICO

By DON CURLEY —MEXICO CORRESPONDENT

Frankie McFarland, late of Boston, but now making his home in San Antonio, who recently had a one-round kayo chalked up against him in Mexico City by Mike Vasquez of El Paso, has this to say in his defense.

Says Frankie: "I went down to Mexico City to battle Vasquez in a fifteen-round decision fight and I was feeling fine until the promoters came to me and told me that if I fouled Vasquez, hit him low or was rough with him they would fine me all I was making for my end of the purse. Feeling they were trying to frame me for my end of the pesos and knowing how I hate money (?), I had no intentions of going through a hard fifteen-round battle then come out to find I had been crossed out of my dough. Hence I made up my mind to go in and do a quick "Annie Kellerman," which I did in the very first round. I did what I thought was right, for I knew I could not win anyway, so there you are and if I ever get Mike Vasquez in a ring in the states I'll make him tear down the ropes trying to get away."

Sam Rico of San Louis Potesi, Mexico, lost to S. Zavala of Tampico, in the thirteenth round on June 1. Rico gave up the fight, claiming a broken hand. The boys are welterweights.

A telegraphic communication was received by the newspaper Mexicano El National on June 16, stating that Mike Vasquez, the fiery little El Paso Mex-Indian, had knocked out Jack Fowler of San Antonio, Texas, in the fifth round of a scheduled fifteen-round fracas in Mexico City on June 15.

If there is anything crooked going on at Mexico City in connection with the boxing sport, we will uncover the whole plot in the next issue, as it will give us ample opportunity to get all the true dope together. High handed methods have been used in the past on certain boxers out of the States who have gone to Mexico in good faith to fight for the various promoters in the boxing centers of the Republic and we believe it is for the best interests of the boxing sport in general and for the individual boxers concerned to get the Mexico muddle settled up and bring the Mexican promoters to the realization that they must shoot at least half way square with American boxers in order to get good talent to go into the Republic.

It is a well known fact in the Southwest that if an American boxer is opposing a Mexican boxer in a Mexican arena, the American boxer must just about kill the boxer Mexicano before he can hope to gain the decision, or else has to win by a clean knockout through a punch to the chin. If Mr. boxer of Mexican descent is hit in the tummy, ten chances to one he will claim a foul and get it. Such reasons are why some of the best informed boxers of the Southwest are not keen on going into Mexico looking for work.

Any boxer in the United States wishing information on the boxing game in the Republic of Mexico or any boxing fan contemplating a pleasure tour into Mexico, can get all information by sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to Don Curley, Commerce Hotel, San Antonio, Texas, as Mr. Curley is an authority on travel and boxing in Mexico.

Boxing in Tampico, Mexico, has slowed up considerably and the houses are not drawing enough to make it worth while making the trip from the States to box there. It is so very hot during the summer months in Tampico. The natives prefer to spend their holidays at the sea beach instead of sitting through a hot afternoon at the Sunday fight shows. Tampico, Mexico, is sea level and tropical climate, damp and hot.

Bobby Greene, now resting up at his home in San Antonio, Texas, has signed a contract for two fights of fifteen rounds each to a decision in Mexico City during the month of July. Green will oppose the winner of several elimination contests.

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Arturo Cava, new promoter of Mexico City, proposes to use Jack Tolar, welterweight of San Antonio, Texas, against Mercedes Montez of Mexico City, in a fifteen-round decision bout the last week in June. The winner will meet the victor in the bout between Jimmy Dundee of Mexico City, vs. Jack Willis of San Antonio, Texas. The winners of the last two fights will be matched for fifteen rounds to a decision and the winner will oppose Bobby Greene in the final bout of the series.

Word was received in Mexico boxing centers to the effect that Tommy White, ex-lightweight champion of Mexico, and his manager, Don Curley of San Antonio, Texas, have split business relations. White, it is rumored has left for the Eastern States with the express intention of knocking the props from under Benny Leonard. Tommy will travel East by easy stages. The last heard from him, he was in New Orleans, La., looking for work.

Don Curley, being unable to leave his business affairs in San Antonio until fall, and Tommy White being impatient to leave for the East immediately on his return to Texas after his last Mexican campaign, made his trip to New Orleans alone.

The new syndicate formed for promoting fight shows in Mexico City will never have to postpone shows on account of inclement weather, as a large stadium will be used.

Tommy White, of Southeast Texas, forfeited his claim to the lightweight and welterweight titles of Mexico, when he refused to return to Mexico City and Monterrey, Mexico, respectively, to meet Mike Vasquez, junior lightweight, and Vecenti Aguilar El Cargador, welterweight, in scheduled fifteen-round decision bouts that were arranged by his then manager, Don Curley, for the month of June.

TERRE HAUTE AND INDIANA NOTES

Indiana fight fans got the shock of their lives when Pancho Villa got the judges' decision over the Terre Haute Tornado, Bud Taylor. Hundreds of fans who traveled to Milwaukee and witnessed the last bout left that night fully convinced that Bud can take care of Villa any time and any place. But when the returns came in from Henderson Bowl it seemed that the Filipino had a few more tricks up his sleeve that he did not show in his previous bout with Bud.

Jackie Barnhardt, Terre Haute lightweight, was shaded by Jimmy Dalton of Indianapolis at a show held there on June 3. At the end of ten rounds of milling Dalton was given the decision by the newspaper men.

In the semi-windup Sammy Sandow of Cincy fought Jack Eile of Chicago a fast ten-round draw. Jimmy McDermott of Terre Haute got the better of the milling with Allen Watson of Indianapolis. Danny Cohen, former welterweight champ of Uncle Sam's forces, stopped Jimmy Dell of Louisville in the eighth round of what was to have been a ten-round melee.

On June 6, at Sullivan, Ind., home town of Will Hays, former Postmaster-General, an open air boxing show was staged under the auspices of the Sullivan American Legion Post 139. The show was a decided success.

In the main go of ten rounds Joe Cooper of West York, Ill., beat Jackie Carr of Denver, Col. It was give and take all the way, with Cooper coming out the victor by a big margin.

In the semi-final Jackie Barnhardt of Terre Haute knocked out Jim Smith of Bicknell in the seventh round. Chuck Templeton, Sullivan flyweight, beat Young Jenkins of Terre Haute in a six-round hurricane affair. Jackie Cobble and Young Sunbeam, both of Terre Haute, fought a draw, and Hank Graham, Clinton middleweight, won the decision over Battling Wilson of Sullivan.

Besides the above a battle royal was held with six husky darkies that proved a scream. Fred Bays of Sullivan was the third man in the ring.

Bud Taylor easily beat Al Zeimer, Cleveland bantam, at a show staged at Cleveland on June 27. Zeimer took the count of nine in the second round. At the end of the tenth stanza the Cleveland boy was all in and the gong sounded mighty sweet.

On June 23, before a crowded house at Tomlinson Hall, Indianapolis, Bud Taylor knocked out Eddie Coulon, self-styled Southern bantam champion, in the first round of what was to have been a ten-round bout. A left hook with a terrific right to the solar plexus finished Coulon for good. It all happened so quickly the crowd really did not know what it was all about.

Willie Sullivan of Cincinnati outpointed Carl Stewart, featherweight of Joplin, Mo. Fighting Ferraris, Cincy 118-pounder, shaded Vic Ross of Louisville. Gene Risk, Indianapolis, lightweight, outpointed Billy Meyers of the same place, in the opening six-round bout.

A popular referee and all-around boxing person in Indianapolis right now is Mike Mitchell, old-time boxer and present manager of a large stable of boxers. Mike is almost sure to be the third man in the ring in every important fistic engagement around these parts. Some of his fighters include Fast Black, welterweight; Maxie Epstein, bantam; Sidney Glick of Indianapolis, who fights more often than any other lightweight in Indiana, and many others.

In ten fierce rounds of milling there was little to choose at the gong between Eddie Dyer of Terre Haute and Joe Cooper of West York, Ill., at the Three I ball park at Terre Haute, June 27. Dyer, who has just entered the lightweight ranks, was foolish to come in at 136 pounds.

Eddie's right weight is around 132, and by coming in at the heavier weight lost plenty of his speed. However, he stood up there with his heavier opponent and gave blow for blow without either boy breaking ground. Dyer made Cooper miss time and time again. Joe looked like a novice, but the heavy punches Cooper shoved across about evened up matters.

Merle Alte, Indianapolis bantamweight, k. o.'d Henry Russell of Cincinnati in the first round with a right cross to the jaw. Jimmy Mahoney of Baltimore had the better of eight rounds of milling with Jack Carr, Denver lightweight.

Young Sunbeam, Terre Haute featherweight, beat Battling Budd in the six-round opener.

UPPER NEW YORK STATE NEWS

By LEN CARLSON

At Mingo Junction, O., a suburb of Steubenville, one of the best and roughest boxing matches was seen on June 16, when Bert Schneider and Al Walthers slugged, slashed and roughed it through ten rounds. There was not a dull moment throughout the ten sessions. Both boxers were greatly applauded for their willingness. Both boys left the ring with marks to show for their gruelling encounter.

At Youngstown, O., on June 17, K. O. Johnny Michaels upset the dope when he handed Chuck Feldman of Cleveland a good pasting in ten rounds. Feldman was a three to one favorite before the match started, but the Jamestowner had him running around the ring soon after he delivered a few stinging blows.

At Corry, Pa., on June 19, "Pee Wee" Smith, at 111½, stopped Emil Lundberg, Swedish champion, who tipped the beam at 111½, in the eighth round of a scheduled ten-round bout. Smith carried too many guns for Lundberg and wore him with heavy blows to the stomach. In the six-round semi-final Tony Brown of Falconer and Jimmy Griffin of Buffalo fought six slashing rounds to a draw. This bout was full of action from the first to the last bell.

At Louisville, Ky., on June 23, Chief Halftown surprised the natives when he scored a ten-round verdict over Jack Ranch of Louisville. Halftown took the count of nine in the second round, but got up and started pasting Ranch about the ring until the tenth round, when the latter left the ring a well beaten ringster.

At Greenville, Pa., on June 23, Eddie Reese, at 143½, won the decision over Tony Aiker of Sharon, Pa., in a six-round bout. Reese jabbed, hooked and crossed the Sharon boxer at will, but could not stop him. Tony Brown of Falconer and Young Dominick of Sharon fought a slashing eight-round bout to a draw, with plenty of action from bell to bell, while Chris Larson of Jamestown lost the decision to Young Hennehan of Sharon in a four-round curtain raiser which was chuckful of action.

PACIFIC COAST NOTES

By LEACH CROSS

It will not be very long before New York promoters will be wiring for Billy Wallace's services. He is one of the best lightweights developed in the southern part of the State in some time. Recently at Hollywood he fought a draw with Larry Murphy in the semi-final. Billy is a good, stiff puncher and knows how to block. He can make 135 pounds either at 2 o'clock in the afternoon of a fight, or at ringside. And he can take it.

They labeled him right, "Little Strong Man," meaning featherweight Jack Burns. Since coming back from the South he turned in two victories and there is no telling when he'll stop smacking the boys around. He made quite a hit recently by outroughing Eddie Kelly.

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They are singing the praises of Sidney White, a good featherweight prospect from Sacramento way. He holds decisions over Johnny Lotsey and Trench King among others. He is fast on his feet, can punch, but his greatest asset is fighting in close.

Mickey O'Donnell is another good feather. There are more 126-pounders around this neck of woods than in any other division. Each and every one is very good. Mickey has not only won all his fights, but each has been above the average in thrills dispensed by him and his opponent.

Not forgetting little Al Crisp of Los Angeles. What a socking fool he is! Take a ticket on this kid any time he starts. He is a veritable dynamo and doesn't know what the word stop means.

Bud Soules, a crackerjack welter, is being touted as an opponent for one or two of Mickey Walker's foremost contenders. Bud scales 147 pounds ringside. He is anxious to make a trip East and show his wares. He is worth while looking over. A word to the wise is sufficient!

Hymie Gold is going great guns around Oakland. There is no stopping the aggressive welter. He showed he had the goods when he walloped the daylights out of Bermondsey Billy Wells. When Hymie is right he'll give Walker and all the rest of them a stiff argument. Gameness is his best stock in trade.

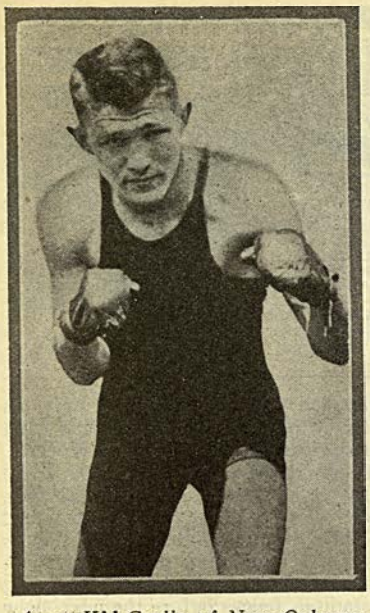
Solly Seamon of New York has developed into a lightweight. He is a sensation in the four-round game. The more fights he gets the better he likes it. He hasn't any idea when he'll return home. He likes it very much out here.

Everybody is talking about the great comeback of Bud Ridley's. The stocky little fellow had his ambition gratified some little time ago when he captured the Pacific Coast junior lightweight laurels. Now he's thinking—so Joe Waterman tells us—of going back East and challenging Kid Sullivan, recent conqueror of Johnny Dundee.

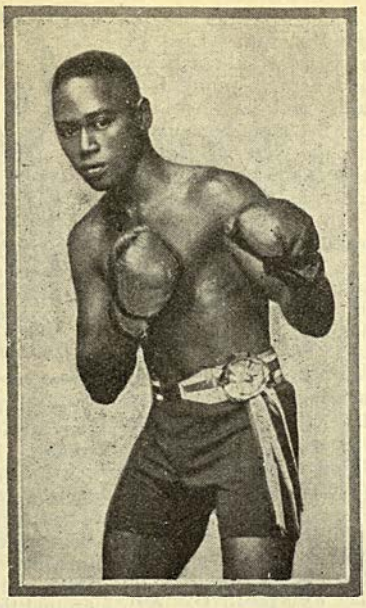
By the way, have you heard the gladsome tidings? Waterman is making a great success as matchmaker and promoter of clubs in the Pacific Northwest. Joe has proved his ability on more than one occasion. He is also developing some talent just to while away his time.

You'd laughed yourself sick to have seen heavyweight Dusty Miller, forty years of age, give Fred Sullivan, fifteen years his junior, a smacking around a few nights ago. Dusty was right on his toes. He displayed keen punching power and a good head in winning from Sully. Though short and chunky he knows how to protect himself with men much taller than himself.

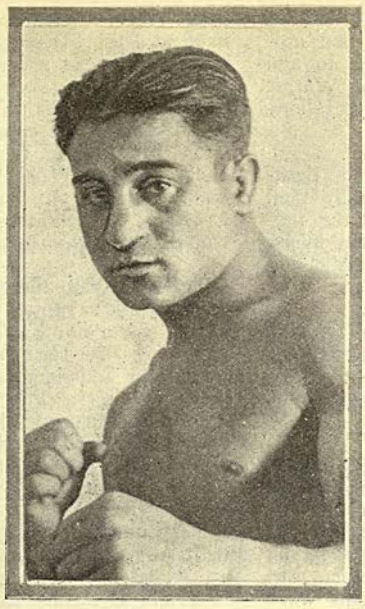
Sol Levinson, maker of championship gloves since time immemorial, returned home the other day from an enjoyable trip to New York where he took in the National Democratic Convention. He spent five days at Madison Square Garden listening to speeches, but gave it up



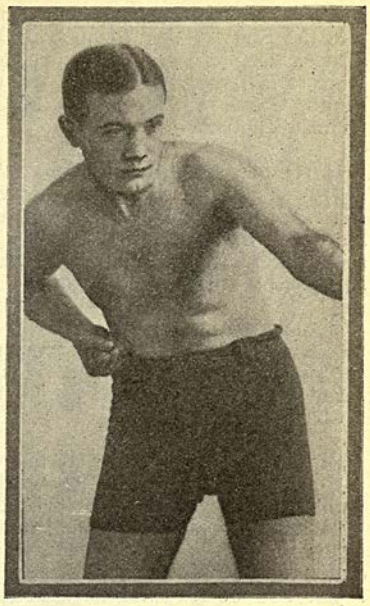
Amos Kid Carlin of New Orleans; Dixie's bantam sensation



Young Harry Wills, welter champion of Central and South America



Micky Travers, crack junior lightweight of New Haven, Conn.



Fighting Joe Moran, 138-pound battler of New Bedford, Mass.

when they started to count the ballots. He lived at the Astor putting on the swell. Sol has made all the gloves for Tex Rickard's titular bouts from the Gans-Nelson battle down to his last big venture—Dempsey vs. Firpo.

Ray Pelky is being touted as an opponent for Gene Tunney for the American light heavyweight championship. Ray is a hard puncher and is learning fast. In six month's time he will be ready for the best of them.

Young Carmen is knocking 'em off their chairs every time he fights. The young welter, who recently fought Hymie Gold, looks like the goods. He comes from San Jose. He weighs around 140 to 145. He showed in the Gold fight that he is a wicked puncher and the faster the milling the better he likes it.

Sammy Olsen is another recent heavyweight development. Among some others Sambo has beaten Fred Sullivan, and he is destined to climb high.

Young Dudley, a negro welter, is attracting considerable attention from promoters and matchmakers. He likes to fight and he knows many tricks of the pastime.

CENTRAL NEW YORK STATE

By AD COHN OF ALBANY

Quinton Romero-Rojas, the Lion of the Andes, showed fans who crowded Chadwick Park at Albany recently that he possessed the Old Sock.

Quinton stowed away Tom Roper of Chicago in the second of a scheduled twelve-rounder and made a tremendous hit with the fans.

Joe Jawson, the Milwaukee Tornado, who has been creating havoc among the lightweight ranks, and Bud Christiano of Philly, fought here at the ball park in Albany on July 11. Jimmie Betts, Albany matchmaker, arranged the bout.

Boxers have to be the real thing to please the fans in Albany. Joe Jawson, of Milwaukee, is a big card here due to his great fight with Christiano. Another boy whom the fans think well of is Sammy Bienfeld. Sammy is a master boxer.

A bout between Young Testo, Troy lightweight, and Frankie LeFay, also of Troy, would be a big attraction. Both the Chadwick Park A. C. of Albany and the Stadium Club of Troy would like to get this match.

Joe Netro, Syracuse manager, has Young Fisher, his Caveman middleweight, boxing Jack Reddick, the Canadian, up at Ottawa, Canada, during the latter part of July. Netro also handles Jess Doctor and Jimmy Bovo, another pair of middleweights.

Walter Red Keefe, pride of the Delaware & Hudson railroad shops at Colonie, looks like a comer. Keefe, who has had four professional bouts, stowed away Matty Belmont of Syracuse in one round at Albany recently.

Bushey Graham, Utica bantam, is a good card up-state. Jimmie Betts, Albany matchmaker, tried to clinch a Graham-Kid Williams match, and although Graham was willing, the other part of the match couldn't see the terms offered.

Emmet Ryan of Albany, who is without doubt the youngest referee in the State, being about twenty-two years of age, is popular with the fans. He works much better than some of the arbiters twice his age.

Beenny Tell, Jimmy Marsh's future great, made his first start in Albany and gained a victory in a six-rounder.

Frankie Barick, who has a decision over Joe Sobbie, and lost the decision to Johnny O'Connor after a great fight, is anxious to return to up-state fistic circles. Frank is a pleasing scrapper and never fails to satisfy the fans.

Dave Weber, New York junior welterweight, is a big attraction around Troy and Albany, having made good against Young Testo on several occasions.

Sid Rabin, who beat Johnny O'Connor and Jackie Mellman here in two starts, will always be welcomed in Albany.

A match in the making here that would result in a championship contest will possibly be arranged in the near future that will bring Pancho Villa, the almond-eyed Filipino, to Albany, opposed to Sammy Bienfeld, the crack New York flyweight. The Chadwick A. C. of Albany is large enough to stage this event, and Jimmy Betts will make it a point to see Frank Churchill and snare this contest.

Cupie Kaufman, Albany featherweight, shows promise of future greatness and looks better in each start. He has scored numerous victories in the last six months.

FROM THE CENTRAL WEST

By HAROLD WALSH

Bud Taylor came back and won the referee's decision over Al Ziemer in ten rounds in a great battle at the Matt Hinkel-Tommy McGinty Arena at Cleveland. Taylor boxed like a champion but the Cleveland youngster gave him a stiff fight. Ziemer has the makings of a champion and his manager, Tommy McGinty, thinks he will some day hold the crown.

Willie Ames, the Akron junior lightweight, made another hit in Chicago when he held Danny Kramer even in ten rounds at Jim Mullen's Aurora Arena. Ames is the veteran of ten years of stiff battling but just at the present time is fighting in the best form of his career.

Norm Genet stepped a notch up the ladder when he gave Johnny Mack, Cincinnati's leading middleweight, a pasting in every round of the twelve in a recent bout at Cincinnati. They fought at Humboldt Park, outside the city limits, and went 12 rounds, and Norm copped Lou Bauman's decision.

A few days later, at Akron, Norm and Billy Hirsch battled 12 hard rounds to a draw, although Norm had the edge. The heat affected the work of both fighters. Genet is another Morrie Schlaifer. When he is in shape he looks like a future champion, but he does not always keep in condition and for that reason does not always look his best, but judging from his recent fights Norm is getting down to business.

Harry Greb, middleweight champion, looked like a million dollars when he won the verdict over Marty Burke in a ten-rounder at Cleveland. Greb won hands down. Burke is well liked in Ohio and recently knocked Billy Walsh out in one round. However, Walsh has taken plenty on the chin and gone down, so that victory doesn't mean anything.

Tom Walsh has Eddie Anderson again, and along with Malone, Bob Sage, Johnny Cline, Joe Welling and others, Walsh and Nate Lewis have a good stable. Tom also has a finger in the pie with Pat Boyle in the management of Morrie Schlaifer.

Cowboy Padgett is coming back. Padgett, one of the most colorful fighters who ever drew a glove on, after seven months rest at his ranch at Dolores, Colo., has asked his old manager, Ray Alvis, to line up some fights for him and Ray is back on the job. Padgett's

career before retiring was short, but when he left the ring he was worth $30,000, and now after a long rest he is coming back to add more to his pile. Alvis is also piloting Warnie Smith, Connie Curry, Johnny McCoy, Johnny Tillman and others.

Harry Krohn, the veteran Akron light-heavyweight, after being knocked out by Paul Berlenbach, came back and surprised the fans by giving Jimmy Slattery a tough fight in six rounds at Buffalo. Jimmy won the verdict but he knew he was in a tough bout.

To top that, Krohn went down to Atlanta, Ga., and all but knocked out Young Stribling's sparring partner in the final round of a ten-round bout. Krohn would like to box Ermino Spalla.

Good referees are hard to find, but out in Akron, Ohio, there is a fellow named Chub Kinney who if he lived in New York or any large city would have a national reputation. He handles bouts in Akron and surrounding cities, and Tommy McGinty, Jimmy Dunn, Leo Flynn and others who have seen him work declare "that if given an opportunity he would rank with the best." He is capable of handling men and is quick to act and is generally right.

Leo Flynn, always popular in Ohio, has had quite a few of his boys around this section of the west lately. Dave Shade beating Warnie Smith in Chicago and Morrie Schlaifer in Cleveland, while Charley Goodman knocked out Carl Tremaine in Cleveland. Jack Renault, Kid Norfolk and others have appeared in recent weeks.

Jerry Sachs has wagered $1,000 that he is a good judge of boxers. Sachs has paid Jimmy Dunn that sum for Dunn's contract with Young Al Corbett. Corbett recently broke away from Dunn and asked Sachs to manage him. Dunn, however, held a ten-year contract with the youngster, and refused until Sachs offered him $1,000 for it. Then James was persuaded to "give in."

One thousand dollars is a lot of money to pay for the privilege of managing any boxer, but Jerry believes his investment was a wise one. Corbett unquestionably has a bright future. He is possessed of much skill and he is a puncher of parts. Al has engaged in forty bouts and he has scored knockouts in twenty of them. He has met, among others, Tommy Ryan, Teddy Joyce, Pete Zivic, Bricky Ryan, Young Pinchot, Johnny McCoy, Tommy O'Boyle, Phil Verdi, Bud Dempsey, Jackie Mellman, Eddie Wimler, Don Baxter, Charley McGovern, Jack O'Brien and Billy Hill. Ryan held him even and Al beat the rest of them, scoring kayoes over half of his opponents.

BUFFALO NOTES

By HUGH SHANNON

The fight game is in a lull here and the probabilities are that there will be little doing until September. Buffalo has a new baseball stadium and should be a good place for big bouts in the summer, but neither the Queensberry nor the Velodrome clubs are in the field for open-air promotion. As a matter of fact, no one has yet made a go of it promoting open-air boxing shows in Buffalo, but the real reason for this was unattractive programs. A real boxing show would draw plenty.

There is talk of a Georges Carpentier-Jimmy Slattery match here in August, but if Gorgeous Georges gets hit on the chin by Gene Tunney, as seems quite probable, it is doubtful if the club will put on the match. Slattery is not a light-heavyweight, as many think. In fact, Jimmy can make 155 pounds without drying out. He never goes over 160 and is at his best at 156.

Slattery gave away weight to several of his most recent opponents and Carpentier would have at least fifteen pounds on him. Even at that the chances are that Slats would lick the Frenchman in a six-round bout. Jimmy is a fast lad over this distance and has lost but one decision since entering the main-bout class. This was to Joe Eagan, the veteran Boston middleweight. When he boxed Eagan, Slattery had absolutely no business in the ring. He was not in condition. In a rematch Slats would come close to stopping the Boston man.

Tommy Ryan, the bantamweight star, is the only Buffalo scrapper who is keeping busy during the warm months. Thomas believes in making hay while the sun shines. He defeated Bud Taylor in Indianapolis on May 30, and then hopped to Erie, Pa., to win a decision over Midget Kilburn of Philadelphia, June 6. His next bout, with Chick Suggs at Providence, was called a draw, but the newspapers favored Ryan. Suggs was overweight, going 121 to Ryan's 118.

Negotiations are now on for Ryan to clash with Abe Goldstein at New York. Tex Rickard is trying to close the match for July or August. Ryan thinks he will positively win the championship from Goldstein if he gets a title match.

Johnny Ward, McKeesport, Pa., welterweight; Tony Ross of Carnegie, Pa.; Peewee Smith, Omaha negro flyweight; Jack Oakes, negro welter of Columbus, O.; Frisco Kid of Youngstown; Bob Lawson of Alabama; Harry Cook of Omaha; Jimmy Moore of Cincinnati, and Jack Zalice, Milwaukee lightweight, are among the out-of-town boxers who are making Buffalo their headquarters.

Peewee Smith, the little colored lad from Omaha, knocked out Emil Lundberg, Swedish champion, in the fifth round at Corry, Pa., on June 30. Peewee is going good, and his manager, Jimmie Mack, is booking him against all comers at 112 pounds. Peewee gave Frankie Murray a good scrap at Erie, Pa., June 6, but lost a close decision.

Frankie Schoell and Manager Bertram Finch are at Crystal Beach. Schoell is willing to box if the right offers come in and is keeping in light training.

Rocky Kansas was in great shape when his match with Luis Vincentini was postponed from June 30 to July 14. Kansas has trained for two matches with Pal Moran, both of them falling through, and then went to work for Vincentini, only to have this match postponed. Rocky went out to his summer home on Lake Erie to rest for a week so he would not go stale. Johnny Ward is Kansas' sparring partner and is giving him some great workouts. If Kansas beats Vincentini he will go after another match with Champion Benny Leonard.

Jimmy Goodrich, local junior lightweight, is making his headquarters in New York. Jimmy is boxing in the best form of his career.

Jack Oakes, negro welterweight, is at Hot Springs, Ark. Oakes is getting in shape for a strenuous fall campaign. He will be in shape when he returns home to Buffalo.

Jimmy Duffy, the Lockport, N. Y., lightweight and welterweight star of a few years ago, is a deputy sheriff at Lockport, his home town. Duffy makes a good officer and a popular one.

TRI-STATE NOTES

By M. FRANK PRENDERGAST
(Sport Editor Cumberland Times)

New York may sing its sweet nothings about the mythical One-Eyed Connelly, but the wooded hills about Cumberland, Maryland, know that One-Eye, if looking for opposition for his laurels as champion gate-crasher, can find plenty of contention in this neck of the woods. The Fort Cumberland Post, American Legion, attempted another open-air show at the Mid-City Stadium in Cumberland last month. The prices were one, two and three. About thirty-five hundred saw the bouts and approximately $1,000 was taken in at the gate. The majority of the gate-crashers contented themselves with ringside seats. The service men have put in a requisition for several thousand feet of barbed wire, which will be strung around the stadium fences before the next show is attempted, late this month.

Mickey Shannon, "Funny" Newman's new lightweight prospect, made a good showing in his first appearance in his new home town. Shannon had been idle for about a year but made things interesting against Young Xeny and with several weeks' training at Newman's summer camp on the Potomac promises to be a big drawing card by the time the fall season rolls around. He is billed to fight in Hartford, Connecticut, in August.

Danny Pavese, the veteran New Jersey lightweight, did a comeback in Cumberland and fared well, although called on to give away thirteen pounds to Bobby Green, local welterweight. Pavese held Green to even terms for four rounds but was outpointed in the last four sessions. He was given a big hand when leaving the ring after making a game stand against the hard-hitting welterweight. After his fight here, Pavese skipped up to Stamford, Conn., and was giving Willie Angelo a trimming when Angelo claimed a foul in the sixth. The referee allowed the claim and awarded Angelo the bout. Pavese admits the blow was low but was unintentional and points out that Angelo had repeatedly struck him low without attracting the attention of the third man.

Pavese was promised a return bout in Stamford. He is also lining up with Duke Barry down in Savannah and is sure of some scraps in the Winter Garden of Georgia this fall.

Joe Cifala, bantamweight, has joined the stable of "Funny" Newman and looks to be in the harness more frequently in the future. Cifala in his last start defeated Kid Fiske in six rounds. He had the best of the milling all the way and breezed home a winner under wraps.

The big buzz in Baltimore boxing circles right now is Max Waxman's lightweight prospect, Joe Dundee. Dundee is angling for a crack at Benny Leonard's crown and, based on his record, he has more right to meet the title-holder than has Jack Zivic, who was awarded a prospective bout by the New York Boxing Commission.

Dundee defeated Zivic in a fast twelve-round bout and stands willing to give the Pittsburgh battler another chance to settle any doubts he may have as to the result of their last meeting. Not content with that argument, Waxman points out that Dundee defeated Sailor Friedman, who knocked out Charlie White. Zivic's claim to a shot at the title is based solely on a newspaper decision over White.

Recently Dundee showed his wares to New York fans when he defeated the old warhorse Johnny Clinton, who has twice met Leonard.

PHILADELPHIA NOTES

By ROSS E. KAUFFMAN
(The North American)

Of all the fighters in the broad U. S. A., none has had the varied career of Bobby Barrett, the red-headed youth from Clifton Heights, Pa. Bobby has been rocked to sleep by the best of 'em and also a few third-raters, but he always comes back. His greatest comeback of all was when he knocked out Nate Goldman in the third round at Shibe Park recently. Clifton Heights got so excited over the big victory that its townfolks took Bobby home on the fire apparatus.

As a result of his unexpected victory, Barrett is now out with a defi to Lew Tendler, the veteran southpaw lightweight. Lew stopped Bobby several years ago, but there are many in Phillie who believe that Bobby can hang a K. O. on Lew if they meet again. They have been matched and will come together in an open-air show July 21 at the Phillie Park.

Ivy Eschelman, the former Harrisburg fighter, who has been piling up a lot of victories around Philadelphia, is hot on the trail of Larry Estridge, the new colored middleweight star. Eshelman has a habit of beating colored fighters and thinks he can "take" Estridge.

Jimmy Fryer, former South Philadelphia fighter, who was a big favorite whenever he stepped into the ring, is now umpiring in the South Philadelphia Baseball League. Although he fought as a lightweight, Fryer now weighs around 180 pounds.

Efforts are being made to have Young Stribling and Tommy Loughran meet in an open-air ten-round bout in Phillie. Loughran took Paul Berlenbach's place against Stribling at the last minute in the recent Milk Fund bouts in New York and made a big hit against the Southerner. Manager Joe Smith, who looks after Loughran, feels sure that Tommy can maul the former schoolboy star.

"Dad" Abate, of New Orleans, is in Philadelphia with a stable of Southern fighters and looking for trouble. The list includes a 107, 126, 135 and 160-pounder.

When Alex Hart, the lightweight, learned of the recent cyclone that hit Lorain, O., he was keenly interested, as that is his home town. Hart has been boxing around Philadelphia for the last two years.

Pete Moran has two clever little fellows under his wing in Tommy Murray and Frankie Sparks. Murray recently gave Abe Attell Goldstein a snappy battle in New England and Sparks is stepping along fast in the flyweight division.

Regardless of whom Jim Dougherty puts George Godfrey up against, the big colored heavyweight always manages to stop his rivals anyway. In his last two starts, Godfrey finished Farmer Lodge and Jack Thompson. Nothing would please Dougherty better than to have Godfrey mingle with Harry Wills, and there's a lot of Philadelphia money would go up on Godfrey.

When Philadelphia promoters tried to get Georges Carpentier step ten rounds with Tommy Loughran, Ad Stone or some one else in the same class, the Frenchman started to talk around the fifty thousand mark and the "hands-off" sign was flashed on him. Phildelphia fight fans would like to see the Frenchman in action, but the promoters cannot get an even greak if Georges insists upon that kind of a guarantee.

That proposed big open-air battle between Lew Tendler and Nate Goldman has been shoved into the background as a result of Goldman being put away by Bobby Barrett. Goldman is the lad who knocked Tendler down twice last New Year's Day.

Bobby Wolgast, the clever Philadelphia and Atlantic City bantamweight, and Patsy Wallace, flyweight, who are handled by Muggsy Taylor, may be seen in several important battles before the open-air season closes. Wolgast has been keeping in good training down at the shore and Wallace is doing his work in Phillie.

TORONTO NOTES

By JACK JARVIS

Bobby Eber and Kid Roy featured Jack Corcoran's "Convention of Clout" at the Arena Gardens and a mighty fine struggle ensued with Eber probably boxing the best bout of his career. His timing, and judgment of distance were splendid. Although the decision was very narrow, Bobby was entitled to the verdict. Roy missed a lot more than usual and apparently had an off night. At that he showed enough to earn him the right to a return bout. The boys fought at 123 pounds and possibly was a little too low for the hard-punching French Canadian to do his best.

Donnie Mack lost a close decision to George Smith. Mack came in on short notice and was far from being in good condition; at that, in the opinion of many, a draw would have been a better verdict.

A boy that will cause a lot of commotion in the featherweight ranks if he keeps up his winning way, is Chris Newton, Toronto's fighting Harp. Chris hopped over to Rochester and handed Rocky Scott a daddy of a beating, and pasted the Rochester boy with everything but the cover of the Marquis of Queensberry's rule book. Promoters had better get them tough in future for this "nose bender." He sure likes to fight.

At the Arena here, Frankie Bull outpointed Johnny Ward. Wee Willie Davis, phenomenal Pittsburgh flyweight laced Allen Holmes in a corking good six-rounder. Tommy Mitchell had no trouble defeating Willie Farrell over the same route. Sammy Pierce, the good little Montreal bantam, clouted Billy Foster to a fare-thee-well, inside of three rounds.

In the January issue of THE RING, the writer forecasted a brilliant future for Jack Reddick, then a practically unknown quantity, who had only just arrived from the West. In his six starts here he knocked out each of his opponents, and then met the redoubtable Ted Moore in Syracuse. Reddick did not knock out Moore on this occasion, but swears that if Moore will only duck under the ropes again with him, he will bet all the tea in China that he will knock Ted colder than a landlord's heart.

After the Moore fight, Reddick knocked out Jack Bloom, and flattened Soldier Jones, who crashed Harry Greb to the canvas twice for long counts—some say very long, at that; and a few weeks previously Jack Renault could gain only a points victor over him.

Following the fight with Soldier Jones, Jack went West and knocked out Billy Harms in four rounds at Calgary and K. O. Johnny Williams in three rounds. Now Reddick's supporters are yelling for him to hand one on Greb's whiskers. "All right, Mr. Promoter; try and get Mr. Harry Greb."

Ireland has sent over another of her fighting sons in Bobby McKeow. Bob is a puncher par excellence and lots of ambitious fighters are going to bite the dust when Robert sends over his Overland Special. McKeow claims the featherweight championship of Ireland.

Walter Obernesser, the Hamilton impresario, has been grooming his good bantam, Howard Mayberry, for a shot at Carl Tremaine. The match was made and everything set to go when for some unknown reason the promoters called the show off. Mayberry recently fought a draw with Frankie Genaro.

Jack Peppin has brought in a smart-looking featherweight in Fred Saltel, a Winnipeg product. His work in the gym created a very favorable impression on the critics. If he can duplicate the same in the ring, Mr. Leo Kid Roy's crown is in immediate danger.

Wee Willie Davies, who recently trimmed Al Holmes, is a boy who has a bright future. He will undoubtedly go far.

Jack Reddick, "dual champ," is considering going to England, where he has been offered several good shots against their leading fighters. Montreal promoters are also working on a Carpentier-Reddick fight for that city.

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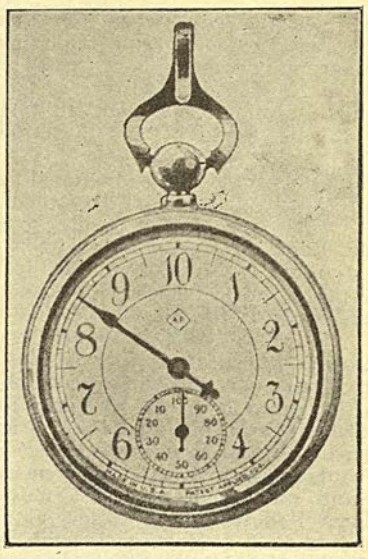

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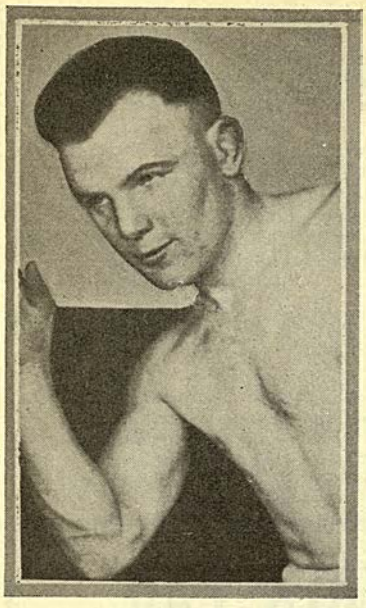
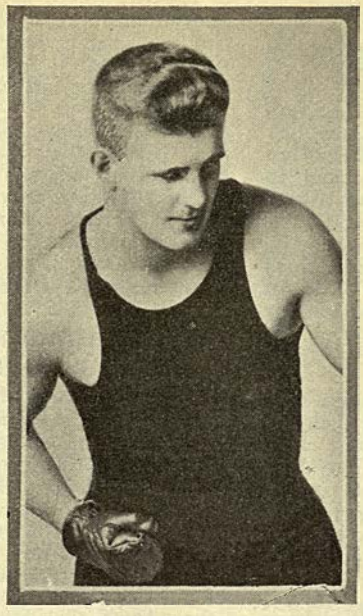
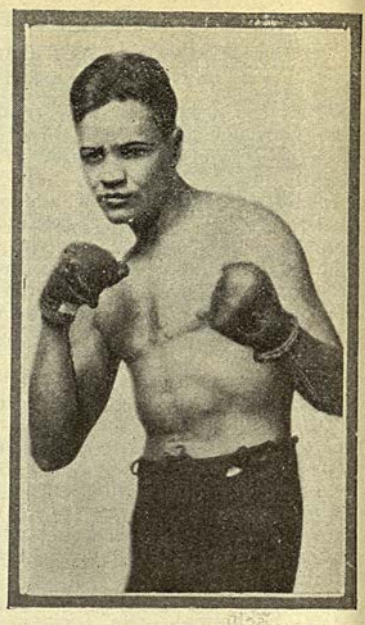


Wee Willie Wood, flyweight champion of Scotland now in this country

Andrew Balza, the Spanish bull fighter who was knocked out by Floyd Johnson



Jack McDonnell, Seattle heavyweight who is appearing in the East



George Lurden of Helsingfors, Finland. He arrived here a year ago. He is a welter

FROM NEW ORLEANS

By CLIFF ABBO

Not since the days when Pete Herman first began to loom as a bantamweight championship prospect has there been a fighter in New Orleans possessing the qualifications as Amos Kid Carlin, latest menace for both the flyweight and bantamweight titles.

Fighting his twentieth professional fight on the afternoon of July 4 at Heinemann ball park, Carlin won rather easily over the veteran, Eddie McKenna, in a fifteen round embroglio and left little doubt in the minds of the fans as to his superiority over his foe in speed, stamina and class.

McKenna has been fighting a long time, but McKenna is a wily citizen and only recently began to loom up seriously for the present bantamweight crop, which is not any too good. First McKenna fought Joe Lynch, then bantamweight champion, a ten rounder here, and was credited with a newspaper decision. Following this victory, he made 116 pounds at 12 o'clock for Pancho Villa in Cleveland and held the Filipino to a draw. This bout was the feature number of the Cleveland boxing revival.

Had the name of McKenna been mentioned to Paul Lacroix, manager of Carlin, two months ago, he would have balked at any proposition and probably have chirped: "Can't use McKenna at no price." But something happened to give Lacroix confidence in his boy. He sent him against the veteran Johnny Buff, former flyweight and bantamweight champion. He stopped Buff in nine rounds. This was the stimulus Carlin needed. He was chuck full of confidence.

After the fifth round there was nothing to the fray but Carlin and now local promoters are angling for both Pancho Villa and Abe Goldstein to meet the classy local battler.

The gross receipts of the July 4 battle were $8,750. Carlin received $3,100 for his end and McKenna $1,800. Moving pictures of the battle were taken and will be shown throughout Louisiana and probably increase the purses of either fighter considerably.

Carlin fought for the Young Men's Gymnastic Club on July 4, 1923, and received $90 for his end, while a year later he got $3,100.

Johnny Buff retired from the boxing game after his defeat at the hands of Carlin here. He turned over his ring togs to Bobby Gonzales, local trainer, and said he is through. Buff owes his start to New Orleans. It was here that he fought Frankie Mason and won the flyweight title. Later he fought a New Orleans boy, Pete Herman, and won the bantamweight championship. Then along comes another Crescent City battler and sends the ancient Johnny into pugilistic oblivion.

Here is one thing the writer will predict. The South is contributing two real serious contenders in two different divisions to boxing. They are Kid Carlin in the flyweight and bantamweight classes and Tommy Freeman in the welterweight division. Freeman is twenty years of age and Carlin will be twenty-one in December.

Freeman has not fought since his decision over Pinkie Mitchell here, having trouble with a wisdom tooth. He probably will get in action around one of the local clubs during the early part of August. A return match between Freeman and Red Hill is mentioned as a possibility. Another contemplated match is between Freeman and Kid Dugan, of Memphis. Through error, the writer reported this match as having been staged in June. The match did not come off.

Joe Matranga, one of the greatest hitting lightweights ever developed in New Orleans, made a great showing in his battle with Al Wolgast, brother of the former lightweight champion, here last month. The fight was called a draw by Happy Littleton, who made his debut as a referee. The decision was a popular one, local papers giving Matranga lots of credit for fighting the rugged Wolgast at his own game. Jim Flynn, manager of Wolgast, says he plans to bring the younger brother of Ad to the Pacific coast for a campaign.

Basil Galiano ran into quite a surprise in Milwaukee recently when he fought Tommy O'Brien at Tom Andrew's club. In the first round, O'Brien caught Galiano with a right cross and sent him to the canvas for a count of nine. After this Galiano carried the battle to O'Brien and dropped him three times during the remainder of the bout. Promoter Dominick Tortorich is going to bring O'Brien to New Orleans to meet Galiano during August.

Anthony Marullo, who has been going along successfully in the middleweight division, has split with his manager, Dr. Paul Schaefer, and is now being handled by his father, Arthur Marullo, former New York detective who operates a gymnasium here. Marullo was matched during the latter part of July with Anthony Downey in a fifteen rounder, but Biddy Bishop was such trouble keeping engagements around Ohio and other places, he could not come here to meet the Italian.

Frankie Mantell, Ohio middleweight, is due to perform here in the near future, clashing with Red Hill.

Martin Burke, local light heavyweight, has split with Jimmy Dunn and is now under the management of Lew Diamond, who handled Johnny Buff, Ray Neuman, Frank Carbone and others. Burke will go East in August.

A. S. Fremin, Biloxi boxing promoter, has staged regular weekly shows in the Gulf coast town and reports that most of these are popular due to the influx of visitors at the resort.

Dutz Moret, manager of Charlie Rodriguez, local bantamweight, is hot on the trail of Kid Carlin in an attempt to get a match for his boy, but it appears that Carlin is now seeking only bigger game. Local boys will have to wait their turn to get a crack at Carlin and unless Rodriguez would care to gamble by giving Carlin a guarantee of $2,000, there is hardly a chance for the match. Dutz is inclined to give Carlin the guarantee, believing that his fighter can trim the little Lacroix star.

The boxing game is picking up wonderfully around New Orleans, the promoters enjoying several $4,000 houses recently with the July 4th attraction going close to $9,000, with several other attractions billed around the city. The promoters are trying to bill only high class cards and the recent turnouts have been encouraging.

Charlie Feraci is being hailed as another Joe Mandot around Memphis, Billy Haack using him almost every week on his cards. When Feraci stepped in Memphis the last time with Al Smith, he drew the largest house enjoyed there in several months.

NEW ENGLAND GOSSIP
By COLMAN NEE

Boxing enthusiasts throughout this section of the country have had an abundance of good shows to witness the past month. With the advent of good weather, the promoters are once more trying to outdo one another in the matter of staging high-class shows. Fans in Boston, the largest city in New England, have been extremely fortunate in this respect.

Tom Goodwin the aggressive matchmaker of the Suffolk A. C., is to be commended for his efforts in bringing boxers to Boston with national reputations, whom fans are very eager to see in action, regardless of whom they oppose. Tom's latest effort was matching Floyd Johnson with the newest sensation, youthful Jack Sharkey. Goodwin is also the sponsor of four-round bouts at his club, featuring local hopefuls; a sure way to develop talent.

Jack Sharkey went through his baptism of fire with old warhorse Floyd Johnson in a sensational manner. At the sound of the gong in the first round Jack went after the veteran relentlessly, and in two minutes had him on the floor, but Floyd got up without a count and started in to give Bostonians the greatest exhibition of gameness ever witnessed hereabouts, although Floyd was on the receiving end of Jack's left hooks and right crosses.

Floyd was at all times dangerous, and if he had landed any of the terrific right swings he threw at Sharkey there would have been a different story to tell, but Jack's great speed carried him out of danger, although at the finish he was pretty well played out from going to grips with Johnson, who outweighed him some eighteen pounds. If the handlers of Sharkey continue to match him with slow fellows of the Johnson type, Jack will meet with great success.

On the same bill, Joe Dominquez, a Spaniard, former sparring partner of Firpo, met a tartar in Corp. Dan Lucas from Camp Devens. Dominquez, in characteristic Firpo manner, started in to annihilate Dan, but before the finish of the bout he was treated to an artistic lacing by Lucas, who, by the way, was a substitute at this show. Dan received the decision and an ovation when he left the ring. Under Fred Wiederhold's coaching, Lucas will give any of the local hopes something to think about.

Another heavyweight protege of Fred's is the colored boy, Honolulu Kid, who is fast earning the soubriquet "The Black Demon." He has k. o.'d seventeen of his last nineteen opponents, and Wiederhold is very desirous of starting him against Kid Norfolk.

An old favorite of the New England circuit, Tony Palazulo, visited Boston the past month with the greatest club fighter to invade these parts, Jimmy Amato White. Jimmy met and defeated Jack McClellan, a tough trial horse, at the Suffolk A. A. show. White shows remarkable improvement with each start in this city and under Tony's able handling he is sure to go far. Tony has carved a niche in the good graces of the fans in this section by his clever managing of the most popular legitimate welterweight hereabouts, a few years ago, Paul Doyle.

A great deal of Jack Sharkey's success can be attributed to his trainer, Bobby Goldman, one of the very best in this section. Like all beginners, Jack had no knowledge of what constituted good training until he was taken in tow by Bobby. Since then he has shown improvement with every start. Bobby has also under his management Eddie Devine, former New England amateur 125-pound champion, who recently stopped Dody O'Neill in his first pro bout.

The Grim Reaper claimed one of the most popular amateur boxers to be developed in New England in many a day, Joe Minnehan, an idol of local fans. Boxing experts claim he had everything. Joe had been suffering from anemia for some time, but his death came as a shock to the legions who had admired his skill in the squared circle.

THE RING is on sale at all of the big bouts here and is rapidly establishing an enviable reputation as boxing's best bet. The poem pertaining to the late Mike Glover, in last month's issue, evoked favorable comment on all sides. Mike was a local boy who went far in his chosen profession, and his memory is cherished by New England fans.

Frank Moody and Jock Malone met here a few weeks ago in a rather tame bout; so tame, in fact, that local fans thought good-natured Jock "carried" Frank. Jock's superior boxing skill more than offset Moody's rugged battling. The St. Paul boy was entitled to the decision, which he did not receive.

Champion Abe Goldstein had rather easy sledding with Tommy Murray of Philadelphia, at Portland, this month. Murray forced the fighting throughout the twelve rounds, but was riddled by Abe's straight lefts. They drew the largest crowd of the year for that section.

Johnny Sheppard, the Boston Terrier, was the victim of an unjust decision at Providence last week, when he met Young Montreal. Referee Harry Ertle, who has been in many a controversy, was imported by the management to handle the bout. Judging by the stories emanating from there by visiting boxers, they are doing a number of things to hurt boxing in general in that state.

Fred Wiederhold, on behalf of Tommy Nee, the idol of South Boston, is claiming the New England bantamweight championship. Fred bases his claim on the fact that Johnny Sheppard met and defeated Abe Friedman, the champion, three times, and Johnny in turn was given a boxing lesson by clever Tommy, who stands ready to repeat any time. Sheppard feels inclined to question Nee's claim to the title. Johnny Sheppard and Tommy Nee were selected by Willie Lewis to battle his protege, Champ Goldstein, but on hearing that Nee was a legitimate bantam, and the title would be at stake if he met him, astute Willie selected Sheppard, who could not make the weight and fight. Nee has bouts booked for this month with Johnny Harko at Manchester and Sonny Smith at Montreal.

Eddie Williams, the East Boston featherweight who recently defeated Mick McAdam, the Irish star, at Lynn, wishes to meet Red Chapman inside the ropes, and promises to give him a healthy argument. Marty Fitzpatrick, his mentor, claims that Red is avoiding the issue with Eddie.

Jimmy Maloney is another local boy for whom big things are predicted. Jim was recently bested by tough Leo Gates, but his showing convinced the experts that he will be heard from later.

A recent ruling of the commission that goes a long way towards settling once and for all the correct weights of boxers is to the effect that all contesting boxers shall weigh in at the boxing commission office the afternoon of the bouts. The members of the commission shall be witnesses. The commission is to be commended for taking this stand and for considering every suggestion relative to the betterment of boxing.

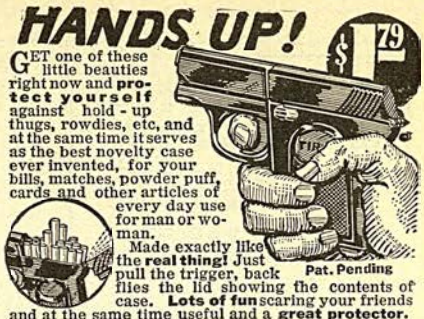
KNOXVILLE BOXING NEWS
By REX PRESSLEY

Bill Clemens, heavyweight of Knoxville, knocked out Ward Heath of Asheville in the third round of a scheduled eight-round bout at Market Hall recently. This was the second meeting of this pair. They fought ten rounds to a draw in the Carolina city.

In the semi-final Tip O'Neal of Knoxville, knocked out Young Leadwell of Johnson City, in the third round of an eight-round mill. This fight gives O'Neal the right to claim the featherweight championship of Tennessee.

One of the best fights of the season was witnessed here June 16, when Billy McGowan of Atlanta, and Bill Clemens of Knoxville, fought eight rounds to a draw. McGowan was formerly a Knoxville fighter, but of late has been under the watchful eye of Pa Stribling.

After a long absence from the ring, Young Blanton has resumed boxing.



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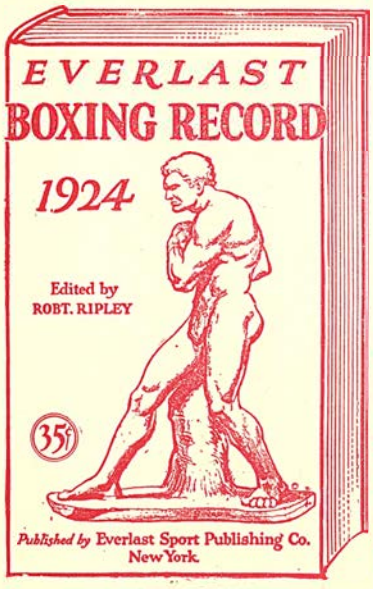

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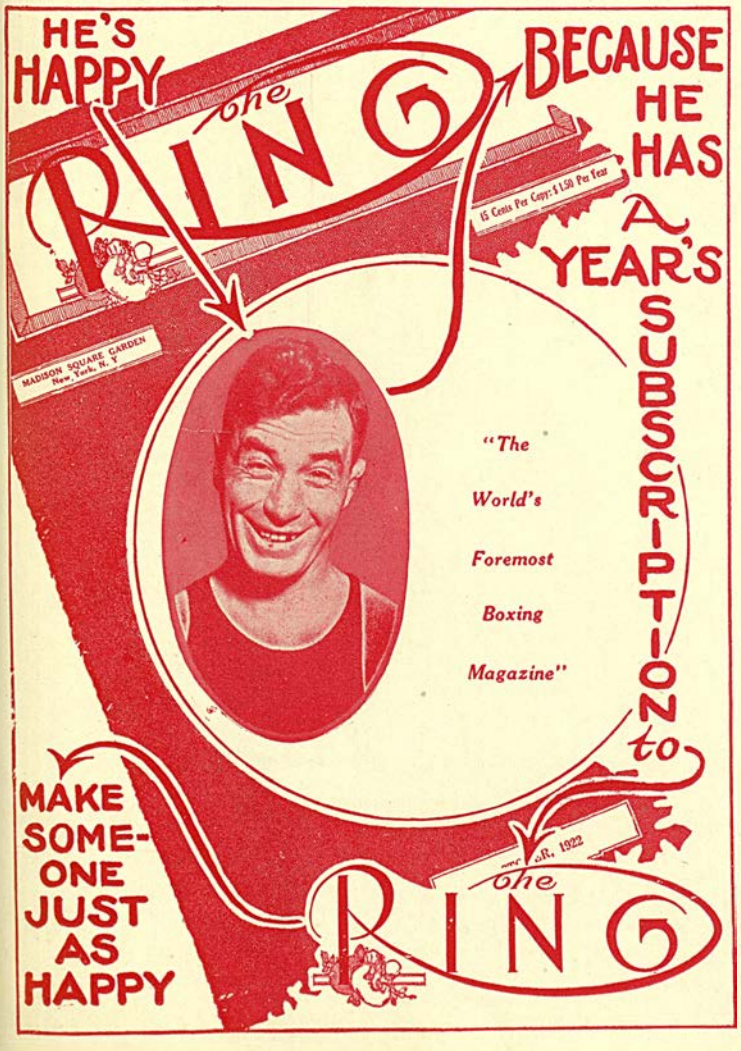

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